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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	493	The Coming Question of the Land. By Walter Moxon, Agricola, and C. J. Gibson	510
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Payment of Servants' Premiums By M. A. Howden	512
"Hast thou killed and Taken Possession?" By H. W. M.	496	"The Trend of Foreign Policy." By Joseph E. Southall and C. Wichmann	513
Britannia Contra Mundum?	497	"Heaven Lies About Us." By the Rev. J. Edward Harlow	513
Dr. Woodrow Wilson's Task	499	POETRY:—	
The Liberal-Labor Quarrel	500	A Poet's Bazaar. By R. L. G.	513
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		REVIEWS:—	
The New Anarchists ...	502	The Prospect for Small Holdings ...	514
The Burning Book ...	502	Three Poets ...	514
A Dramatic Inferno ...	504	The Steinheil Affair ...	516
Fighting the Cattle Disease	505	A Liberal Modern History ...	517
SHORT STUDIES:—		More about Arcady ...	518
"Liberté, Liberté, Chérie!" By Henry W. Nevins	506	The Prose of Richard Middleton	518
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
The Church and the Law. By the Rev. Alfred Fawkes	508	Views and Reviews ...	520
The Government, the Port of London, and Casual Labor. By Z.	508	The Life-boat and Its Story	522
The Reform of the Law of Naval Warfare. By Th. Baty	509	The Classic Point of View: A Critical Study of Paintings	522
The French Birth-Rate. By B. Dunlop, M.B., and G.W.S.	509	The Pacification of Burma	522
Liberalism and National Insurance. By H. Turner and Joseph A. Leckie	510	The Full Recognition of Japan	522
The Treatment of Suffragettes in Prison. By Gerald Gould	510	The Monthly Reviews	522
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum	524

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Diary of the Week.

DR. WOODROW WILSON has been nominated as the Presidential candidate of the Democrats, and, in spite of a close and prolonged contest, his party has maintained its cohesion. A united Democratic Party, with an unimpeachably Progressive candidate, of high character and intellectual distinction, will face the disrupted Republicans with a conservative candidate of a somewhat colorless personality, who represents nothing but the barren victory of the party machine over Mr. Roosevelt's egoism. The convention at Baltimore sat three days longer than was expected, balloting endlessly till far past midnight, until at last, under Mr. Bryan's influence, Mr. Champ Clark's following, originally larger than Governor Wilson's, melted gradually away. Mr. Bryan destroyed the "favorite" because he was the nominee of Tammany, and at the end, on Tuesday night, in the forty-sixth "round," Tammany alone was true to him. Dr. Wilson was finally adopted with acclamation.

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THE "platform" is conservative in a constitutional sense, ignoring Mr. Roosevelt's nostrums of initiative, referendum, and recall, and proposing to forbid even second-term candidatures. It retains the old Democratic doctrine of State rights. It makes its bid for Progressive support by promising (1) labor legislation and the creation of a Labor Ministry, and (2) the abandon-

ment of high protection and the gradual return to a tariff for revenue only. Such a programme may mean something, because there is the firm and honest personality of Dr. Wilson behind it. Mr. Roosevelt declares that he means to persist in his candidature, a decision which only Mr. Taft need regret.

* * *

ON Thursday, Mr. Borden arrived in England at the head of a distinguished delegation of Canadian Ministers. Sensational reports of Canadian naval plans are denied, but Mr. Borden declared generally that Canada was resolved to take her "full share of the glorious mission of Empire," and indeed it seems that the Conservatives have quite forgotten their traditional distrust of Imperialism. Some minor matters connected with copyrights, cables, and mail services will be discussed, and there are also negotiations due with France. But the main purpose of the delegation is, of course, to consider the naval problem, and to conciliate the rival theories of local defence and Imperial responsibilities. Mr. Churchill has already, for the time being, settled that question with Australia and New Zealand, and in dealing with Canada he has, on the whole, a simpler problem to face.

* * *

THE result of the Ilkeston election is a not unexpected exception to the steadying effect which recent by-elections have exercised on Liberal fortunes. Colonel Seely has indeed been returned by a majority of 1,211, but this is less than a third of the majority which he obtained in December, 1910, while the Tory poll has been increased by 1,892 votes. It is admitted that this result was in the main due to the transference of Labor votes from the Liberals to the Tories, in default of a Labor candidate. In the present mood of Labor, Colonel Seely, with his many good qualities, was not the best fighting candidate for a miners' constituency. His promotion reinforced the Imperialist and Moderate section of the Cabinet, already predominant. He appears to have been out of sympathy with the new land policy, or to have made only one brief reference to it, and, rightly or wrongly, he was thought to have favored a resort to the military in the railway strike. His candidature, therefore, was used as a form of anti-Liberal Labor demonstration, but its meagre result brings no grist to the Tory mill.

* * *

FURTHER developments in the Liberal-Labor situation have since taken place. Two members have died during the week—Mr. Enoch Edwards, a veteran of the Miners' Federation, and Mr. W. S. B. McLaren, a Liberal of real distinction and personality. Mr. Edwards was, of course, a member of the Labor Party, whose Whip applied in due course for the issue of a new writ for Hanley. The Liberal Whips, however, decided to claim the seat for the party, apparently on the ground that Mr. Edwards was once a Liberal member, that he had been sustained by a Liberal organisation, that the seating of a Liberal for Hanley would restore the Liberal-Labor compact for Staffordshire—negotiated by Lord Gladstone—to its original form, and that there had been many recent Labor attacks on Liberal seats.

In brief, the policy is one of reprisals, and as such we think it compares unfavorably with Lord Gladstone's more patient and more successful tactics. The anti-Labor members of the House welcome it, and the extremists of the Labor men show a similar spirit. The Labor Party at first suggested the rather theatrical expedient of withdrawing from the House while the Hanley and Crewe elections were in progress, but this has since been modified. They have also nominated candidates for Crewe as well as for Hanley. The result of all these manœuvres would seem to be that while good generalship could have saved both seats for progress, bad tactics stand to lose them. The Liberal Press is very cold to the new departure.

* * *

An old trouble has befallen British agriculturists in a return of foot-and-mouth disease, which has broken out on a farm at Swords, in County Dublin, and been carried by Irish cattle shipped to Liverpool and Holyhead. Thence it has been traced to various places in Northumberland, Yorkshire, and Leicestershire. The Board of Agriculture has taken drastic measures to prevent further infection. It has stopped the importation of Irish cattle, has closed the Royal Show at Doncaster to the exhibits of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and has forbidden the removal of cattle in the county of Dublin and the adjoining districts. There is some hope that the progress of the disease has been stayed (on Thursday twenty-seven cases had been reported), and one or two of the earlier restrictions have already been relaxed, so that cattle from Ireland can now be landed for immediate slaughter at certain English and Scottish ports.

* * *

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered a lively attack at Woodford on Saturday on the society anarchists who claimed not merely to prescribe the laws which they would obey, but divided the people into two classes—one of which obeyed the laws it liked, while the other must obey the laws whether it liked them or not. Such people seemed to look upon law as an institution to protect their property, their privileges, and their sport, and to keep the working classes in order. If the law for insuring the poor people against sickness was to be optional, what about the law for the protection of game, or the law of rent, or of sanitation? In logic, such people would say of the great Sanitation Act of Disraeli, "Fancy having drains! We have done without them in this country from the days of Julius Caesar." Society's attitude towards the Insurance Act, added Mr. George, was that of men who, because they considered a lifeboat fell short of the perfect type, refused to launch it, and fell to reviling the crew.

* * *

As for the insurance of domestic servants, the State would contribute to that end alone three millions a year—a greater boon than any community had ever conferred on a single industrial class. We understand, by the way, that the Government expect to have about eight million people insured in approved societies by the time that the Act comes into operation. This will be conclusive. The Council of the British Medical Association have published a report of their latest negotiations with the Insurance Commissioners, which shows that the Government are willing to give the doctors better terms, but that they cannot agree to the 8s. 6d. scale demanded.

* * *

A FINAL, though unsuccessful, attempt was made on Monday to secure a meeting between the representatives

of the employers and the workers in the Port of London. Mr. O'Grady moved a resolution to this effect, but, though it was carried, its usefulness was practically negated by the Prime Minister's refusal to support it. Mr. Asquith repeated his view that Government must be chary of intervention in labor disputes, and that they should not act till they were tolerably sure of success, or until the general interest of the community was involved. Mr. Bonar Law, who followed, drew from Mr. Asquith a statement that he did not intend to vote; whereupon the Tory leader moved an amendment, committing the House to non-intervention in the strike, and taking over the Prime Minister's doctrine of State "detachment and neutrality."

* * *

THIS Tory resolution with a Liberal face was more than the Ministerial party could stand, and Mr. Law's ingenious move was defeated by 45 votes. The majority was made up of Liberal, Labor, and Nationalist votes. A similar combination secured the victory of the O'Grady motion, which was supported by Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Burns, Mr. McKenna, Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Masterman, and other Ministers, while Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Samuel, Mr. Runciman, and Mr. Pease followed the Prime Minister and abstained. Meantime, while the Government and Parliament fold their hands, we hear dreadful stories of the misery which reigns in the East End, and of the desperate plight of the women and children.

* * *

A CURIOUS debate on military policy took place on Thursday, on a motion by Mr. Amery to reduce Colonel Seely's salary by £100. Mr. Amery's speech consisted of a flighty argument for conscription, based, with much assurance, on the suggestion that it was "common ground" (between whom?) not only that we must maintain our naval supremacy against Germany, but that the domination of Europe by a military Power which was also our rival at sea must make that supremacy impossible; that therefore we were bound, as a matter of "vital interest," to "maintain" France as an "independent" Great Power; and that in certain contingencies, we must assist France with an "adequate" army.

* * *

THE undoubted inference was that we could not support Mr. Amery's foreign policy with the force which Mr. Amery described as an "incidental by-product of our recruiting and drafting arrangements," i.e., of our plans for "maintaining," not France, but the British Empire. Colonel Seely treated this rhodomontade with more seriousness than it deserved, repeated Lord Haldane's statement that only a maximum of 70,000 men could possibly secure a landing on these shores, declared that aeroplanes and submarines were making invasion harder than ever, and on conscription said, cryptically, that the country need not at present think of it, "nor till after the next war." From beginning to end of the debate, not one word was said in favor of economy.

* * *

LIBERALS can read the last White Paper on Persia with a wintry gleam of satisfaction. If the Foreign Office had only used earlier the language about Russian action which Sir George Buchanan, our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, employed last January to M. Sazonoff, the situation might have been saved. Sir George remonstrated strongly on the execution of the

Sikat-el-Islam, said that it was a "most unfortunate occurrence," which would be execrated in Persia, in India, and in London, and added that a Russian occupation of Teheran would put a "severe strain" on the Anglo-Russian understanding. In much weaker language Sir Edward Grey pleaded, in February, for a Russian withdrawal from Kazvin on the ground that the Persian Government was now friendly to Russia. On the whole, this firmer tone succeeded.

* * *

THE question of our naval policy in the Mediterranean was raised in the Lords on Tuesday in an undistinguished speech by Lord Selborne, to which Lord Crewe returned a non-committal answer. Lord Selborne demanded a battle squadron based on Malta, and also the strengthening of its garrison. Lord Crewe quite gratuitously diverged into a comparison of our strength in Dreadnoughts with that of all the European Powers together. We shall have (excluding the colonial ships) 24 as against 21 in March, 1913, but in 1914 only 30 against 39, and in 1915 only 36 against 51. All this lay outside the terms of the challenge, and was made more ominous by Lord Crewe's statement that we should have to revise some of our formulas. Three schools, he said, exhausted the possibilities of dealing with this situation—those who would build at all cost for predominance, those who would contract an alliance, and those, finally, who would trust to chance to find us support in any given crisis in any particular sea. He appeared to reject all three solutions, and promised a further statement later. Lord Lansdowne followed, and dwelt chiefly on the risk from capture to our trade in the Mediterranean.

* * *

THAT a grave situation confronts the Young Turks in Albania and Macedonia is certain, and their preparations suggest that the more alarmist version of the facts cannot be far removed from the truth. The course of events, so far, reads like a repetition of the Young Turk revolt itself, though obviously the consequences cannot be the same. It is said that a widespread conspiracy against the Young Turks aimed at a military rising on July 24th, the anniversary of the Revolution of 1908. Now, as then, the Albanians play a part in it; and now, as then, it broke out prematurely. All that is certainly known is that a part of the Monastir garrison has "taken to the hills," and it is said to include fifty officers of Turkish race and twenty Albanian officers, with some men. This force, and others acting with it, are at large in the South Albanian highlands. Rumor speaks of sympathetic movements at Dibra (which is always on the edge of revolt) and at Djakova. More serious by far is the news that the more or less loyal garrison of Monastir will not march against the rebels, and has sent a sort of ultimatum to the Cabinet demanding, oddly enough, the total withdrawal of officers from politics.

* * *

FROM the action of the Cabinet we may deduce how grave the peril is. It has hastily introduced a Bill to embody the Monastir demand, which is aimed, of course, at the soldiers who "run" the Committee. It is also forwarding Asiatic regiments in hot haste to Salonica and Monastir, a costly step, which betrays its belief that the once devoted Macedonian troops are no longer to be trusted. Abdul Hamid tried that expedient, and it failed him. Some regiments have refused to sail and, as in 1908, we hear that the new battalions, so soon as they touch European soil, become infected with the politics of their comrades and begin to declare that they will not

fire upon them. It is not unlikely that the extremists of the Cabinet, Djavid and Talaat Beys, with Marshal Mahomed Shefkhet, may be forced to resign, and that some sort of devolution, and perhaps new elections, will follow in Albania and Macedonia. The sudden and premature death of Dr. Milovanovitch, who had become the indispensable head of the Servian Foreign Office, is a minor reason for pessimism. He was much the sanest and the ablest man whom the corrupt and passionate politics of Belgrade had produced for many a long year.

* * *

THE Tsar and the Kaiser met in the Baltic on Tuesday, and the usual speculations attend the encounter. A semi-official article in the "Kölische Zeitung" denies that the idea of detaching Russia from the Triple Entente is any part of the Kaiser's purpose, which it defines as a "strengthening of the more trustful relationships initiated at Potsdam." One could hardly deny and affirm the same thing in a single statement with greater skill. Russia, as M. Sazonoff made evident in his last Duma speech, belongs in fact to both groups. The two monarchs will presumably give some concrete application to their mutual trust. Some suggest that the Tsar will call in the Kaiser to help him to end the Italo-Turkish war; others suggest that the Kaiser will try to bring him into line with Austria to maintain the Balkan *status quo*. More interesting is the guess that the naval situation in the Baltic will come up for review. Dr. Schiemann has made it clear that Germany is decidedly anxious because of the threatened restoration of the Russian navy. Another, and perhaps more plausible, view is that the German armor-barons are only anxious to secure their share of the Russian naval contracts.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY made one of his imposing speeches in welcoming the great Imperial Universities Congress, which opened in London on Tuesday. He seemed to think that the chief function of these bodies was to supply candidates for the governments, parliaments, and corporations of the Empire, "honorable," "incorruptible," "strenuous" men. The whole world was in the throes of travail to produce something new, and for that reason it had special need of the "character" and "virtues" that Universities furnished. The question, however, which the Congress raises is whether the Empire and the world have not more need of the newer than the older type of University man; or whether its hopes do not lie in a combination of the two kinds of moral and intellectual training. Lord Rosebery added that he "did not ask so much for brains." But we should have thought the running of the Empire depended quite as much on brains as on "character," and that it wanted freshness in both categories.

* * *

LORD COURTNEY attains his eightieth year to-day. We tender our congratulations to the statesman on whom more than on any of his contemporaries should descend Gladstone's popular title of the Grand Old Man. Not that Lord Courtney is old in spirit, but that while he represents the best matured thought about political life, he is always ready to place his wisdom and experience at the service of new ideas. Above all, a noble honesty and disinterestedness, a noble zeal for truth and fair-dealing among men, a noble independence of judgment, have always characterised him. In these qualities he stands alone, and at a high eminence, raised above the vulgarity and the falseness of public life. May he live long to illustrate them!

Politics and Affairs.

"HAST THOU KILLED AND TAKEN POSSESSION?"

WE are not surprised to witness the movement of concern in the Tory press at the notion of a definite raising of the land question by the Liberal Party. For whoever speaks of land in British politics not only raises a tremendous social and economic issue, but awakens memories of one of the deepest wrongs that the poor of any clime or country ever suffered at the hands of the rich. Men and women are still living in English villages who remember the Corn Laws; others there are whose fathers have told them of the Enclosures; while many must have heard of the riots of 1830, to commemorate which there lies in a Hampshire churchyard the body of one of the victims, a hapless boy, solemnly interred by his neighbors, whose execution was a foul blot on English law and on a still famous English family. The whole story of the Enclosure Acts, as they affected the laborers, has recently been told in a book* of the greatest power to move the conscience and awaken the energies of the nation. If, therefore, we are to consider the land question once more, the inquest must be held with strict regard to the form in which English land was widely held up to the earlier years of the nineteenth century. If rights are to be conferred on the people, we must keep in view the rights of which they have been despoiled. We know that the village of to-day is composed, so far as the main body of its workers are concerned, of landless laborers. We know also that the village of a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago was largely composed of men owning land or possessing common rights in land. How did the change take place?

By a class possessing all power—with the Crown, in Parliament, in the Church, in the Courts, on the Bench, in the schools and Universities—seizing the one power which the people possessed, their stake in the soil of their birth. The aristocracy of England ruled it. They had won their victory over the Crown; they had repudiated their feudal obligations to the State and the poor. They had everything but the Naboth's vineyard—the common land of England—which they coveted. No illustration of their might could be more remarkable than the fact that by two or three thousand Acts of Parliament, with nought to stay their hand but a few protesting voices and a petty rising, which their lawyers put down with an iron hand, they abolished common rights over six million acres, and turned this lost heritage to their profit in the years which saw Europe swept by the French Revolution. Nor did their powers stop there. The first act of their policy destroyed the *morale* of the village laborer. Its second, which was like to the first, turned a free community into a race of paupers. The repeal of the Corn Laws kept the wolf from the laborer's door, but his lot has remained a dependent one for a generation after the concession of the vote; and the stamp of the Enclosure Acts rests

to-day on the half-tilled fields and mean and scanty cottages of rural England.

The Enclosure Acts were framed in the interests of two classes, the landowners and the tithe-owners. They were used to turn the common fields, strips, and wastes into arable farms, whose produce, under Protection and a new and no doubt superior form of culture, yielded them wealth and splendor and the government of an Empire. Their victims were the small farmers, the cottagers, the squatters. Their leaders were the Marlboroughs, the Abingdons, the Barings, the Lansdownes of the early nineteenth century. Their procedure was manifold, and was directed to one end. They assigned outright whole tracts of common to the Lord of the Manor and the impropiator of the tithes. They took from the mass of the commoners all effective power of petition or protest. They gave them no representation on the Commissions, which were often named by the promoters of the Bills. They rejected all kinds of enclosure which would have given the small men compensation in the form of suitable allotments, secured to them by a corporate local holding. They imposed the heavy obligation of fencing the re-arranged lands, so that the wretched commoner, who had lost the right of grazing for his cow and sheep and geese, of fuel and of turf-cutting, might have to part for a few pounds with the scraps of his birth-right that remained. Thousands of men knew nothing of the working of the corrupt and hasty law which ground them out ruin from a common form. The assents of interested parties which were judged necessary to secure the passage of the Bills, took account only of proprietors, while ignoring the cottagers, and were based not on numbers but on values. Land-owning Members of Parliament crowded into the open Committees, where the Enclosure Acts were rushed through, to back each others' schemes, or to pit one private interest against another. The Church joined the game, and scrambled for its ample share of the plunder. "By nineteen out of twenty Enclosure Bills," said Arthur Young, a friend of the system, "the poor are injured, and some grossly injured." The spoilers invoked religion, science, the idleness or drunkenness or pride of the people, to excuse their deed. They threw little holdings into great; pulled down cottages; raised rents; ploughed up the pasture; and drove the small holder to cross the seas or to feed the town industries. A more than Puritan gloom settled on the life of the countryside. All hope of a career, of rising in the social ladder, was cut off. Those who remained remained as slaves, on a scale of dismal and futureless equality, contrasting widely with the variety of occupation and interest that marked the earlier type of English village.

The later lot of the laborers was worse than that of the West Indian negroes, whose purchase-money might have saved the English countryside. Their stock and holdings vanished. The village bureaucracy which ministered to the communal system went too. The peasant's historic right of gleaning began to disappear with the new economy of fenced fields. The self-respect and moral vigor of the people dwindled and left hardly a sign. Henceforth, say Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, "no

* "The Village Laborer, 1760-1832." By J. L. and Barbara Hammond. (Longmans.) The student should also consult Mr. Jesse Collings's trenchant volume on "Land Reform" (Longmans), which reaches the same conclusions on the subject of the Enclosure Acts.

class in the world has so beaten and crouching a history." Only the ale-house remained to console the exiled peasant for his lost liberties. He was now dependent solely on wages, and real wages fell. Nor was he free even to seek the best field for his labor. The law of settlement hemmed him in and compelled him to accept the rate the local farmers would give. Confronted with the impending starvation of the dispossessed laborers of England, their masters rejected every true and generous remedy and adopted every false and mean one. The dearth of cattle caused by enclosure had created a scarcity of milk, and bread, tea and potatoes became the staple diet of a people insufficiently clothed and warmed. Reformers from the upper classes pressed on them a coarser and cheaper food. But warned by the life-instinct even of a falling class, they clung to white bread, and resisted every effort to induce them to exchange it for oatmeal.

A handful of enlightened men turned for a few brief months to the policy of the minimum wage. Whitbread, supported by Fox and Sheridan, embodied this proposal in a Bill, and the farmers seemed not unwilling to accept it. But the statesmen intervened. Pitt's opposition broke the scheme, and it was never revived. There remained two wholesome alternatives, both of which failed. The first, which was Poor Law Reform, was one of the unredeemed promises of Pitt. The second was the provision of the allotments, refused when the form of the Enclosure Acts was under debate. But the idea awoke no sympathy in that hard and self-satisfied society, which rushed finally into the worst plan of all. The ratepayers were summoned to the aid of wages, and the laborer, having lost his land, lost his liberty as well. The vestries which administered the "allowance" system were founded on plural voting, so that only property could direct their alms; while the spirit of the almoners was embodied not merely in workhouses swept by fever and filled with the vicious and the insane, but in such institutions as "the parish cart, a cart to which in some parishes men and women who asked for relief were harnessed." As the seeming prosperity of the nation declined with the restoration of peace and the sudden drop of the war prices, the allowances fell too. In 1795 the Speenhamland allowance for a laborer was three gallon loaves a week. In 1831 five gallon loaves had to suffice for a family of four persons. The tillers of the soil were fed on bread, tea, cheese, potatoes, and water, many failing to taste meat for a month.

Despair found the remedies which society denied. If bread was scarce, game was plentiful. Poaching became a great English industry, supported and encouraged by nearly every class but the landlords and their Parliament and keepers. To correct it, the House of Commons improvised the whip, hard labor, transportation for seven or fourteen years, or for life, and the landlords supplied spring guns. Two brothers, respectable men, driven by want, were hung in Bedford gaol for firing on and wounding a keeper. One of them had 7s. a week to keep himself, his wife, and two babes; the other earned sixpence a day. For

wounding one man, seven peasants were exiled for life at Warwick Assizes, and nine for fourteen years. During the greater part of this period, the most illiterate man was forbidden to use a counsel to speak for him in Court. The exiled men and boys suffered in their prison homes fates far worse than those who died the death of felons within hail of the fields that once were theirs.

The poor set up at last a timid and futile revolt; the rich a bloody and successful revenge. The former, beginning with the Home Counties, organised a series of open-air demonstrations at the houses of landlords and farmers, at which they demanded money, beer, and (usually) about half-a-crown a day in wages. Many of these assemblies, though out of law, were mild or harmless. At others ricks were burned, mills were broken up, and two of the hated workhouses were gutted. But no landlord or farmer lost his life. One or two were struck. Some of both classes were sympathetic, and their complicity in the destruction of threshing machines, which was a feature of the riots, was not denied. In punishment, the possessing orders brought about a pitiless assize. In the course of this White Terror of English politics, nine men or boys were hung (their worst offence was arson), 457 were transported, and 400 imprisoned at home. The judges, with the cruel and hypocritical Alderson at their head, endeavored to rule out all evidence as to wages and social misery, and usually succeeded. "We do not come here," said Alderson, "to inquire into grievances. We come here to decide law." A boy of eighteen who had stolen fourpence was sentenced to death, and banished from his home for life. Scenes that roused even the cowed spirit of the times accompanied the trial and exile of these folk, and unimaginable horrors awaited them on their passage across the ocean and in the convict settlements beyond the Pacific.

This is the story. We tell it because the wrong of which it is the evidence, revealed by the genius of two writers and the opportunities that modern democracy opens to historic criticism and discovery, is still undone, and because the time has come to undo it. Free Trade has dragged the laborer from the pit of misery into which he fell in the 'thirties, but the demoralisation that the Enclosure Acts and the allowance system brought about has not passed away, and it is one of the most difficult features of the situation. The land cannot be restored to all the people all at once. But in the story of the Enclosures lies the moral case for its restoration. The method will be open for discussion and suggestion in succeeding numbers of THE NATION.

H. W. M.

BRITANNIA CONTRA MUNDUM?

THERE are two good reasons for not regretting overmuch the non-committal reply of the Government to Lord Selborne's attack on its naval arrangements in the Mediterranean. In the first place, it is in the Commons and not in the Lords that any statement on a vital

question of policy should first be made. The question of our position in the Mediterranean affects the Foreign Office as closely as it concerns the Admiralty, and the answer, when it comes, will lie as much with Sir Edward Grey as with Mr. Churchill. It must be, moreover, not merely a reply to such considerations as Lord Selborne and his colleagues are disposed to put forward. There are other schools of thought which have at least as good reasons for vigilance, based on a widely different outlook. In the second place, the quality of Lord Crewe's speech was not what we expect from an authoritative exponent of Liberal policy. It was a sort of preface to some future discussion, and it was so phrased as to suggest a degree of indecision and an open-mindedness between rival theories of policy and defence not compatible with any view of statesmanship which can continue to describe itself as Liberal. Whatever answer is to be given to the detailed questions of policy and strategy which centre in the Mediterranean, two answers are from first to last forbidden to any Minister who hopes to retain his place at the head of a Liberal Party. The first of these inadmissible expedients is our entry into a European alliance. It is inadmissible not in the least because we hesitate to work, when necessary, in concert with France, nor yet because we hold ourselves tied by the formulas of last century, which contemplated a degree of isolation inconsistent with our duties and responsibilities as a member of the European family. It is inadmissible because we cannot make common cause with France at sea without acquiring a stake in her security on land. An alliance with any Continental Power is an impossibility unless we are prepared to adopt conscription. Of this alternative we need say no more. M. Poincaré has given it no encouragement, and the agitation in the Conservative press has died down as suddenly and as mysteriously as it rose. The suggestion, we suspect, was put forward only in order to impale the country more securely on the other horn of the dilemma.

The second of these inadmissible answers is the suggestion that we should in any circumstances dream of building against a coalition of all the European Powers. To contemplate, even on paper, the bare possibility of a coalition of the whole of Europe against this country is also to contemplate the possibility on our part of a foreign policy of aggression and provocation, a policy essentially anti-European. If that were a possibility, the course for us to pursue would not be to build more ships, but rather to make a clean sweep of every politician, official, and diplomatist, who shared in any degree the responsibility for our unpopularity and our isolation. And, again, if it were a possibility which the course of events had brought upon us by no fault of our own, then the time would have come to make a final choice between the well-being of our people and our position as a world Power. If we were to contemplate the building of Dreadnoughts against all the world, there would be, as Lord Ellenborough put it with a useful frankness, only one way to do it. We should have to abandon the Insurance Act. The choice is and has always lain between more or less intervention in the feuds of Europe, and more or less social reform. We compromise at present by indulging in something of

both. But if our naval standard were to be a superiority over all the European fleets combined, we could maintain it only by a total abandonment of social reform, and a return to *laissez faire*. In that event we need only add that the maintenance of the social peace at home would probably become at least as grave a problem as the avoidance of war abroad. In only one set of circumstances can we conceive the possibility of anything resembling a European coalition against this country. The way to promote it is to adopt on our side the *Britannia contra mundum* standard in shipbuilding. A Power which deliberately sets out to challenge a continent will sooner or later have its way. It will rouse the continent against it. The professional student of naval questions may affect to regard such a prospect with equanimity. But a little reflection will serve to show how in practice it must work out. We will admit for argument's sake that our resources will stand the strain of building on such a scale, and that we can, in fact, absolutely secure our supremacy at sea against a world-coalition. Our domination would have become intolerable, and some reply would be inevitable. We can guess what the reply would be. It would begin with menaces so continual and so serious to the position of our friends on land, that we should ere long find ourselves in the isolation against which we had prepared. Not all our Dreadnoughts would avail us to defend France, and it is France which would bear the brunt of Europe's resentment of our insolence. France once detached, not much would be left of the Russian understanding, and the railroad built by ourselves would lie ready for an Indian invasion. There are even circumstances in which a coalition might make it safe and profitable for the Young Turks to attempt by a land-expedition the recovery of Egypt. A coalition is unthinkable so long as we maintain in the European family the bearing of a brother and an equal. But from the moment that we dream of using our wealth to arm against a continent, we invoke against ourselves those very arguments from the Balance of Power which our Imperialists are the first to use against Germany.

Two fallacies underlie the alarm about the Mediterranean which has infected those whose interests lead them not only to detest any thorough policy of social reform, but also to desire great armaments as an end in themselves. The first of these is a paper reckoning, so manifestly nonsensical that we may dismiss it in two sentences. Italy and Austria will never be ranged together against this country, first, because they fear and hate each other more acutely than they can dread any third Power. In the second place, as the late Sir Charles Dilke, with others of the few laymen who know something of the secrets of the Foreign Office, more than once stated without contradiction, Italy is bound to us by some more or less general Treaty which is at least a guarantee against any automatic application against ourselves of her obligations to the Triple Alliance. The weakness of this side of the alarmist case has been admitted even by the "Times." But the chief fallacy in all this agitation is the assumption that any naval Power must be expected, if it would retain its prestige, to be in a position to command an instantaneous victory in

the first week of a great war in every sea at once. Our Admiralty, inevitably in present conditions, has elected to concentrate its strategy with a view to dealing a crushing blow at the very outbreak of hostilities in the North Sea. With the gains of every strategy, we must take the disadvantages. If an Anglo-German war should come, it is to be presumed that at a comparatively early date our unchallenged command of the North Sea would have been assured, and the enemy's fleet defeated if it ventured to give battle. Thereafter, we should be free to send a more than sufficient armada into the Mediterranean to deal with any adversary there. It is not to be supposed that Austria, for example, would venture, for the sake of a little commerce-destruction, to declare war against us if the annihilation of her fleet were certain after a week or two of a fallacious immunity. Even if she were to venture a descent on Egypt, it would but repeat the fate of Napoleon's adventure after he had lost command of the seas.

A naval Power, in short, is formidable not merely for what it can do at the outbreak of war, but also for what it can achieve in the second month of the struggle. "The sea is all one," as Captain Mahan is for ever telling us, and a fleet which has triumphed in the North Sea can, with a few days' delay, sweep the Mediterranean also. In this connection it is well to remind ourselves of a fact constantly ignored in these discussions. The sea is all one for us, but it would not be so for opponents. So long as we hold Gibraltar and Egypt, we may indeed be obliged to postpone operations in the Mediterranean, but we can always confine our adversaries within it. The Austrian fleet is useless to Germany so long as we can close to it the road into the Atlantic. Even if we had to face the possibility of some interruption in the sea-route to India, that danger need trouble us only if we have first of all permitted Russia to open to herself the road through Persia. There was only one point in the Conservative case, as presented in the House of Lords, which need for one moment arrest our attention. It was Lord Lansdowne's forcible reminder that the Mediterranean is the second in importance to our trade of our sea-routes. The answer to that criticism is, now and always, that we have a clearer interest than any other Power in putting an end to the obsolete barbarism of commerce destruction. Mr. Churchill is not the man to go to the Admiralty without an ambition. His choice, if he must make a new departure, lies between a reform of the law of capture at sea, and such a megalomania of provocative building as would kill Liberalism and embroil Europe.

DR. WOODROW WILSON'S TASK.

THE expected has happened at the Democratic Convention at Baltimore. The secession of insurgent Republicans at Chicago under Mr. Roosevelt made the nomination of a Radical Democrat a matter of plain party necessity. After a prolonged measurement of forces, Dr. Woodrow Wilson was chosen. Though less widely known throughout the country than Mr. Bryan, he enjoys many advantages. In the first place, he has risen rapidly to fame, and leaves no record of political

failure and discarded projects behind him. His brilliant reputation as a scholar and the ex-President of a leading University, though serving to recommend him to cultured Americans, is of dubious electioneering value. The "plain people" in America have always been shy of the occasional intrusions of men of academic distinction into practical politics. Though college presidents are in great request as intellectual consultants on all sorts of public occasions, they have generally been regarded as "kid-glove politicians," unfit for the rough and tumble of hard practical affairs. Since quitting Princeton for the Governorship of New Jersey, Dr. Wilson, however, has shown himself made of stuff which even the most professional of machine politicians have learned to respect. He has made his mark for sagacity and force of character by crushing and outwitting the corruptest gang of bosses and hoodlars in a State which enjoys the most unsavory reputation in the Union. Of his personal platform upon federal politics, little detailed knowledge is abroad. Though recognised as belonging to the Radical wing, he has never committed himself to the wilder proposals upon finance and railroads which have formed the staple of Mr. Bryan's oratory, and is therefore more likely to retain the unbroken allegiance of the party for the three-cornered fight, which ought, upon the present setting of the chances, to lead him to victory next November.

On issues of constitutional reform, which Mr. Roosevelt has so far thrust into the forefront of his campaign, Dr. Wilson has hitherto expressed himself with moderation. His advocacy of such measures as the referendum and initiative and the recall has been far more discriminating than Mr. Roosevelt's. It seems tolerably clear that now that the game is set out, the latter will force the running upon lines of bolder Radical doctrine than any yet indicated. For no success can seem possible for him unless he can detach from the democratic camp large sections of voters for whom the "radicalism" of Dr. Wilson is too tame. His personal following among Republicans is doubtless far stronger than Mr. Taft's in the West and Mid-West, and he may take over the regular Republican machine in some of these States. But his only real chance lies in welding into a temporary union all the forces of social discontent by persuading them that he is the political Messiah they have so long been waiting for—the heaven-sent leader who shall restore to the people the powers of government which the politicians and their paymasters have stolen from them, and which they now most urgently require for the salvation of the commonwealth. He must angle for the confidence of the large numbers of Labor men and Socialists and disillusioned Democrats, who were able eighteen years ago to muster a voting force of nearly two millions under the title of a People's Party. These ultra-radicals he must drive in the same team with the timid respectables who form citizen leagues, and the essentially conservative farmers who have stood firmly round him since his rough-rider days. To this difficult task Mr. Roosevelt brings unbounded self-confidence and the enthusiasm this engenders, a genius for sounding moral platitudes and for dramatic tactics. But these qualifications of a preliminary

campaign will not suffice to secure for him success next November. Unless he can devise a bolder policy for dealing with the concrete problems which underlie the seething discontent of the American workers than he has yet disclosed, he cannot pit his new Progressive Party against the regular machines with any prospect of victory. A mere appeal against the corrupt tyranny of machines and bosses will never succeed, for his new party will speedily degenerate into a new machine, and he has all the instincts and talents of a boss. At the roots of American discontent lie the Trusts, the Railways, the Money Power, and the Tariff, four interrelated sources of tyranny and plunder. Mr. Roosevelt's only chance is to develop so drastic a federal policy for dealing with these grievances as to place, not only Mr. Taft, but Dr. Wilson, in the category of Conservatives.

Whether he is prepared for such a revolutionary design remains to be seen. The Democratic Platform, as formulated at Baltimore, is conservative enough, throwing its main stress upon a Tariff for revenue, and dealing with trusts and monetary reform in terms of studied vagueness. But, as the fight proceeds, Dr. Wilson will, of course, develop his own proposals. The real difficulty of Radical Democracy lies in the sentiments and traditions of State rights which still cling round the party. Though even Conservative Democrats, like Mr. Cleveland, make large concessions to the centralising forces of national life, any proposal to cede to the Federal authority concrete powers of legislation, administration, or taxation hitherto wielded by the several States is liable to arouse strong opposition. Yet some encroachments on State rights, some positive enlargements of Federal power, are indispensable to a really radical process of reform. The power of Trusts cannot be curbed or broken so long as they can crouch behind the protecting ægis of State Charters. The nationalisation of Railways, the policy which must soon emerge from the half-way house of Federal control, is impracticable without a cession of existing State powers. A drastic and effectual handling of currency and banking, so as to give substance to the misnomer of a National Bank, and to protect the currency and credit of the country from the risks and shocks of warring or combining groups of financiers, demands a strongly centralised control from Washington. Finally, Tariff for Revenue will never secure for the American people the advantages of free imports, or rid them of the tariff-bred monopolies, until a Federal policy of direct taxation is constitutionally feasible, so as to yield the growing National Revenue that is needed. If Dr. Wilson desires to make the Democratic Party the instrument of a national policy which shall place the United States in the front of political civilisation, instead of in the rear, he must rally the solid party, including the hitherto Conservative South, round a programme which will jettison the orthodox Democratic conceptions of State rights. It is the manifest strategy for Mr. Roosevelt to force this supreme test of Radicalism upon the Democratic nominee, and if his Progressive Party means business, we may look for roof-lifting proposals at its August Convention.

THE LIBERAL-LABOR QUARREL.

WE confess that we regard with complete disapproval the prospect of an electoral warfare between Liberalism and the Parliamentary Labor Party. Such an outbreak is simply a piece of bad management, and there is little more to be said about it. The campaign seems indeed to possess a certain contingent and limited character. The Liberal Party have nominated a candidate to contest the Hanley Division, left vacant by the death of Mr. Enoch Edwards, a famous member of the Labor Party, and a veteran miners' representative. In return, the Labor Party have nominated a Labor man for Crewe, which, though it includes a very strong contingent of organised workers, has always been held by a Liberal, and we fear it is no longer possible to secure a mutual cancelling of the attacking candidates. Failing so obvious and sensible a course, the Labor Party proposed a dramatic, not to say theatrical, withdrawal from the House of Commons during these elections, which has since been modified in favor of a resolution to support the two Labor candidates with the full force of the party. And the Government, in turn, hinted that the business set down for this period would be measures—such as the Franchise Bill and the Trades Disputes Bill—in which the Labor Party were specially interested. On the merits of the dispute, each combatant presents a plausible case. Mr. Edwards, say the Liberals, was more of a Liberal than a Labor man. He won the seat in the former capacity, and it was held for him by a Liberal organisation. None the less, retort the Labor Party, he was a pledged member of the Labor organisation, and a typical representative of a great industry. The aggression therefore rests with the Liberal Party, which is attempting to deprive Labor of a vote and a seat in the House of Commons. To which, again, the not untruthful retort is made that the aggression is all on the other side, and that in election after election Labor candidates have been chosen to run against Liberals, and have been supported by Labor members who owe their seats to Liberal votes.

The controversy is not an edifying one. There is smouldering fire between the two main representatives of progressive ideas in our politics, and it is, we suppose, bound to break into flame. The Labor Party have not been especially considerate of Liberal sensibilities and interests, and the Central Office, which should know the value of the Liberal-Labor understanding, and reaps its substantial fruits, has had difficulty in repressing the answering irritation of the local Liberal associations. On some of these bodies the employers predominate, in others a vigorous Radical element, as at Hanley, resents a hostile propaganda of labor. The two rivals are not indeed invariably separated by the line of opinion which, for example, marks out the Liberal of the Left from a Moderate of the Right. Mr. Outhwaite, the Liberal candidate for Hanley, is a more advanced politician than the late Mr. Edwards; and the Labor Party itself is neither wholly committed to Socialism nor agreed within itself on any distinct line of demarcation from Radical principles. Like Liberalism, it is opportunist; like it, and like most

Englishmen, it is essentially moderate. It does not display great constructive force; its contributions to legislation are suggestive rather than commanding. But it has strong and definite merits. It is the best peace party, we had almost said the only peace party, in Parliament, and it represents the pith of the nation. Its members seek and gain none of the great material prizes of politics, and they are therefore rivals with Liberalism in ideas, or in popular favor, rather than engineers of an alternative Government. They run Liberalism in the constituencies fairly hard, and their electioneering diplomacy is sometimes difficult and aggressive. But in Parliament they are useful and friendly critics of Liberal Bills and Liberal legislation. They show no desire to promote a return to Toryism and Protection, and they would doubtless be much concerned if their withdrawal from the House led to a Ministerial defeat. They have behind them a rather angry and restless constituency, which they cannot always control. They want more seats and more Parliamentary power, and as long as the Liberals fail to provide the alternative vote, they have a right to seek them; but, like the Irish, they decline candidature for Imperial office. Finally, they owe seats to Liberal votes, as Liberals owe seats to Labor votes, and this tie of mutual interest holds.

In the main, therefore, Liberalism and Labor stand to each other in the relation of two forces, one of which controls and shapes policy, while the other powerfully influences it. If a rupture takes place, the executive and administrative arm can go on, relying for formative and critical work purely on the rank and file of Liberalism. But if its attitude towards Labor becomes one of complete and even of hostile detachment, its representative character, as well as its spirit and temper, will suffer, until a point is reached when it will begin to sink into a form of Conservatism, or of Liberal Imperialism, mainly distinguishable from the mass of Tory sentiment by its adherence to Free Trade. This end will be reached largely by the power which Liberalism and Labor both possess to destroy or at least to cripple each other. Sections exist on the left wing of the Labor Party which desire, as the "Daily Herald" puts it, the "annihilation" of Liberalism, and our own right wing might be best pleased by a destruction of the independent organisation of labor and a reversion to the "Lib-Lab," or purely trade-unionist, element. But this is to look back in politics, and to ignore the free expansion of democracy. The saner and truer view of the Liberal-Labor situation is that the two forces rose together, that if they decline they will decline together, and that both are indispensable factors in the general advance of democracy. As things stand, the irregular band of Labor allies answers to the free criticism of Liberal Governments which Cobden and Bright applied, from a definite standpoint of principle, in the middle years of last century. What the Labor Party ought not to do from the point of view of its own interests is to ignore the general conditions under which the most advanced elements in a combination attain the highest degree of influence on the Ministry which directs it. We confess it seemed to us a strong order for a party to withdraw from Parliament the services for which it receives direct pay-

ment from the State at a period when some part at least of its constituents has strong views on every Ministerial Bill that lies before Parliament. It would have been little less foolish for the Government to "punish" the Labor members by risking the defeat of that part of their programme on which Labor has a first call.

But these reprisals and retorts are part of the "huffish" coquetry of the hour. It would be a much more serious matter if a tactical difference between Labor and Liberalism were to coincide with a deliberate retreat from a considered Liberal policy. The Prime Minister was not able to carry his Government with him on Monday night in his refusal to support a harmless resolution by a Labor member, inviting a meeting between the representatives of the workmen and the employers in the Port of London. And he will certainly not enlist his party in support of the doctrine of *laissez faire* in Labor disputes. Mr. Bonar Law ingeniously quoted the definition of the duty of Governments in these conflicts which the Premier offered last week to the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and made it the basis of an official Tory resolution, which was happily defeated by the votes of Mr. Asquith's party. Mr. Bonar Law asked the House of Commons to say, with reference to the dock strike, that "the constitutional and normal attitude of the Government should be one of complete detachment and neutrality." Mr. Asquith insisted in the same connection that Government ought to maintain an "habitual and normal attitude of complete detachment and impartiality." The "Westminster Gazette" impartially declares this pose of "complete detachment" by the State to be "nonsense," and we agree with it. Nor can we discover the vital difference which the Prime Minister seems to discern between the case for intervention in the miners' strike and the attitude of indifference which he now observes to the later phases of the dock strike. In both instances there is the interception of necessary supplies and the interruption of an industry which is both national and international. And if we are to talk of responsibility, the Government cannot well ignore the fact that they set up the Port of London authority, that one of the statutory duties of that body is to promote the decasualisation of labor, and that now, as a punitive measure against strikers, it is forcing men returning to work to sign a document transferring them from the "A" to the "B" or casual labor class. The deliberate depression of the workmen's standard of life is not a matter for *désintéressement* by a Liberal Government, any more than is the dreadful misery which reigns in the vast area of the East End and the London Dock district. If, therefore, we are to resent a domineering or a thoughtless tactic by the Labor Party, let us do so with a clear conscience, and without any deflection of our industrial policy. If it was right to call upon Sir Edward Clarke to report on the dock strike, it cannot be wrong to make an effort to secure respect for his findings. It is too late for Liberalism to set up the banner of *laissez faire*, and there is no true conception of a modern State, and no practice of an enlightened community, which harmonises with that worn-out philosophy.

Life and Letters.

THE NEW ANARCHISTS.

No doubt every man, however good a citizen he professes himself, reserves some "right" to disobey the law. Where the forms of government afford no security that a law is in any effective sense "the will of the people," that right of disobedience has no clear limitations other than those set by each man's regard for public order and the effect of his law-breaking upon the conduct of his less responsible neighbors. Even where popular self-government is said to exist, there may be classes or individuals who deny the right of a mere majority to pass laws that appear to them unjust or intolerable. Where such class or individual has no full political and civil status, this right of private judgment may be considered absolute. No logical case can be made against the "anarchism" of the militant suffragists, for the State has no claim upon them to obey laws which they have no voice in making. A powerful practical case may indeed be made against them for the folly, inappropriateness, and futility of the particular forms of law-breaking they adopt. But that is a different story.

Apart, however, from these cases of outlawry, the moral right of passive or even active resistance has been generally conceded. No one but a prig or a pedant would deny cases of conscience where a moral duty lies upon a man to refuse obedience to a law. It is no adequate answer to tell him that he must obey a law which revolts his conscience until he can win over to his view the majority of his fellow-citizens, and so reverse the law. Peace men who refuse military service, Nonconformists who refuse to pay Church rates or to support sectarian education, anti-vaccinators, and other groups who, on grounds of principle, have subjected themselves to penalties for resisting laws, are not properly to be regarded as anarchists or enemies of society. The government of a civilised country is not really injured by such occasional outbreaks of the right of private conscience. Indeed, it may be argued that some such assertions of illegality are serviceable restraints upon the abuses of power to which a majority or a mechanical officialism is prone. This does not imply that the State can tolerate law-breaking; its right is to enforce the law with as much leniency as is possible. The case is one of a genuine conflict of the "rights" of individuals with those of society.

From such cases of disobedience from principle we may distinguish disobedience from passion, the illegality that is evolved by the heat of some racial, political, or industrial conflict. These illegalities of private principle or temper, however, belong to all times. Neither in motive nor effect do they resemble the new anarchy, of which we have an example in the organised resistance to the operation of the Insurance Act. The last few years have yielded several symptoms of a growing disregard for law among the conservative and wealthy classes. The unconstitutional opposition to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, and the loudly-proclaimed intention to obstruct its application and to cheat the revenue, were the first clear blasts in this rebellion against democracy. Many wealthy men are engaged to-day in the game of tax-dodging, in seeking to throw on to their poorer neighbors the obligation to pay their share of the Dreadnoughts for which they never cease to call. A still more liberal education in upper-class anarchy is furnished by the latest luxury, the motor-car. A badly-drafted law, irregularly enforced, has induced not occasional but habitual infraction. The habit of law-breaking is supplemented by a conspiracy to prevent detection, and by a system of insurance enabling the law-breaker to escape the penalty of his misconduct. Rich men openly contravene the law designed for the protection of their poorer neighbors, and no serious attempt is made to secure their obedience, or to punish their disobedience. Yet these very men are passionate in denouncing illegal picketing or other breaches of the law charged against the working classes. Mr. Lloyd George expressed in absolutely accurate terms

the facts of the situation. "One class can obey laws if they like; the other class must obey laws, whether they like it or not. They seem to think that law is an institution devised for the protection of their property, their lives, their privileges, their sport." Of course they do. The law-making and governing classes in every land are apt to regard the laws in this light. What is happening to-day is a recognition on the part of these classes that the power of making laws is passing from their hands into those of the persons who ought, as they hold, not to make, but to keep laws.

It is the dismay and the resentment at this proceeding that so plainly animates the ladies who assembled to incite, in the language of drawing-room Billingsgate, to a resistance of the Insurance Act for domestic servants. The very idea that they should be compelled to take the slightest personal trouble, or incur the most trifling expense, to promote the health, welfare, and independence of their domestics, excites among them a flutter of malicious hypocrisy. Aware that they possess no real knowledge of the provisions of that Act, they pretend that their resentment against it is dictated, not by spite against a "predatory" Government and a desire to embarrass it, not by a blend of meanness and laziness, but by a genuine sympathy with the domestics who are being robbed by the Government under the base pretext of insuring them. One illuminating expression found utterance at this gathering, which we hope events will falsify. It came from the lips of Mr. Belloc, a strange figure in this gathering of feminine law-breakers. "They need not be afraid: the Government would not prosecute." This is just the touch of cowardice upon which this quality of insolence is nourished. Our "smart set" has inherited the spirit of the old French aristocrat who felt that "the Almighty would think twice before damning persons of her quality." So long as the magistrates and the juries who will be called on to administer the laws are drawn from the respectable classes; so long as one can depend upon the sympathetic interpretation of the laws even in the higher courts, where sit gentlemen whom one meets at dinner and at week-end parties; so long as in the last resort the forces of the Crown will be wielded by gentlemen, one feels, with a pleasurable shiver, that one really need not be afraid to simmer seditious, or egg on one's second housemaid to break the law which helps her.

It is a just instinct which leads these new anarchists to recognise that they can defy democracy with impunity, so long as they can rely upon a sympathetic administration of the laws. This is perhaps the only country in the world where a numerous organisation of influential persons would be permitted to advertise anarchy in every town and village. If, as a result, resistance does take place, we trust that the leaders in this mean and mendacious propaganda of illegality will be duly brought to justice. Far too much of the social legislation passed by this Government is frustrated by the anti-democratic sentiments and interests of the classes in whose hands rests the administration. Sharp measures should be taken to enforce the operation of the Insurance Act, and to punish the organisers of resistance.

THE BURNING BOOK.

"How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed!" cried Walt Whitman, thinking, perhaps, of Harper's Ferry and of John Brown hanging on the crab-apple tree, while his soul went marching on. It is the lament of all writers and speakers who are driven by inward compulsion to be something more than artists in words, and who seek to jog the slow-pacing world more hurriedly forward. How long had preachers, essayists, orators, and journalists argued slavery round and round before the defiant deed crashed and settled it! "Who hath believed our report?" the prophets have always cried, until the arm of the Lord was revealed; and the melancholy of all prophetic writers is mainly due to the conscious helplessness of their words. If men would only listen to reason—if they would listen even to the appeals

of justice and compassion, we suppose our prophets would grow quite cheerful at last. But to reason and to such appeals men only listen at a distance, and the prophet is near.

Nevertheless, in his address as Chancellor of Manchester University the other day, Lord Morley, who has himself often sounded the prophetic note, asserted that "a score of books in political literature rank as acts, not books." He happened to be speaking on the anniversary of Rousseau's birth, two hundred years ago, and in no list of such books could Rousseau's name be forgotten. "Whether a score or a hundred," Lord Morley went on, "the 'Social Contract' was one," and, as though to rouse his audience with a spark, he quoted once more the celebrated opening sentence, "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." That sentence is not true either in history or in present life. It would be truer to say that man has everywhere been born in chains and, very slowly, in some few parts of the world, he is becoming free. The sentence is neither scientific as historic theory nor true to present life, and yet Lord Morley rightly called it electrifying. And the same is true of the book which it so gloriously opens. As history and as philosophy, it is neither original nor exact. It derived directly from Locke, and we suppose that many aspects of the world and thought since Darwin's time confute it. But, however much anticipated, and however much exposed to scientific ridicule, it remains one of the burning books of the world—one of those books which, as Lord Morley said, rank as acts, not books.

"Let us realise," he continued, "with what effulgence such a book burst upon communities oppressed by wrong, sunk in care, inflamed by passions of religion or of liberty, the two eternal fields of mortal struggle." So potent an influence depends much upon the moment of the time—the fulfillment of the hour's need. A book so abstract, so assertive of theory, and standing so far apart from the world's actual course, would hardly find an audience now. But in the eighteenth century, so gaily confident in the power of reason, so trustful of good intentions, so ready to acclaim noble phrase and generality, and so ignorant of the past and of the poor—in the midst of such a century the "Social Contract" was born at the due time. Add the vivid imagination and the genuine love for his fellow-men, to which Lord Morley told us Maine attributed Rousseau's inextinguishable influence on history, and we are shown some of the qualities and reasons that now and again make words burn with that effulgence, and give even to a book the power of a deed.

Lord Morley thought there might be a score, or perhaps even a hundred, of such books in political literature. He himself gave two other instances beside the "Social Contract." He mentioned "The Institutions of the Christian Religion," of Calvin, "whose own unconquerable will and power to meet occasion made him one of the commanding forces in the world's history." And he mentioned Tom Paine's "Common Sense" as "the most influential political piece ever composed." We could not, offhand, give a list of seventeen other books of similar power to make up the score. We do not believe so many exist, and as to ninety-seven, the idea need not be considered. There have been books of wide and lasting political influence—Plato's "Republic," Aristotle's "Politics," Machiavelli's "Prince," Hobbes's "Leviathan," Locke's "Civil Government," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Paine's "Rights of Man," Mill's "Liberty," and "The Subjection of Women," Green's "Political Obligation," and many more. But these are not burning books in the sense in which the "Social Contract" was a burning book. With the possible exception of "The Subjection of Women," they were cool and philosophic. With the possible exception of Machiavelli, their writers might have been professors. The effect of the books was fine and lasting, but they are not aflame. They do not rank as acts. The burning books that rank as acts and devour like purifying fire must be endowed with other qualities.

Such books appear to us to have been very few, though, in a rapid survey, we are likely to overlook some. In all minds there will arise at once the great

memory of Swift's "Drapier's Letters," passionately uttering the simple but continually neglected law that "all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery." Carlyle's "French Revolution" and "Past and Present" burnt with similar flame; so did Ruskin's "Unto this Last" and the series of "Fors Clavigera"; so did Mazzini's "God and the People," Karl Marx's "Kapital," Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," Tolstoy's "What shall we do?"; and so, we may suppose, did Proudhon's "Qu'est ce que la Propriété?" at the time of its birth. Nor from such a list could we exclude "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by which Mrs. Beecher-Stowe anticipated the deed of Harper's Ferry nine years before it came.

These are but few books and few authors. With Lord Morley's three thrown in, they still fall far short of a score. Readers will add other names, other books that ranked as acts and burnt like fire. To their brief but noble roll, in spite of obvious objection but in no spirit of paradox, the present writer would also add one name, and one brief set of speeches or essays that hardly made a book, but to which Lord Morley himself, at all events, would not be likely to take exception. He mentioned Burke's famous denunciation of Rousseau, and, indeed, the natures and aspects of no two distinguished and finely-tempered men could well be more opposed. But none the less, the present writer believes that in Burke, before growing age and growing fears and habits chilled his blood, there kindled a fire consuming in its indignation, and driving him to words that, equally with Rousseau's, may rank among the acts of history. In support of what may appear so violent a paradox when speaking of one so often claimed as a model of Conservative moderation and constitutional caution, let us recall a few actual sentences from the speech on "Conciliation with America," published three years before Rousseau's death. The grounds of his imagination were not theoretic. He says nothing about abstract man born free; but, as though quietly addressing the House of Commons to-day, he remarks:—

"The Colonies complain that they have not the characteristic mark and seal of British freedom. They complain that they are taxed in a Parliament in which they are not represented."

That simple complaint had roused in the Colonies, thus deprived of the mark and seal of British freedom, a spirit of turbulence and disorder. Already, under a policy of negation and suppression, the people were driving towards the most terrible kind of war—a war between members of the same community. Already the cry of "no concession so long as disorders continue" went up from the central government, and, with passionate wisdom, Burke replied:—

"The question is not whether their spirit deserves blame or praise, but what, in the name of God, shall we do with it?"

Then come two brief passages which ought to be bound as watchwords and phylacteries about the foreheads of every legislator who presumes to direct our country's destiny:—

"In order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate without attacking some of those principles or deriding some of those feelings for which our ancestors have shed their blood."

The second passage is finer still, and as permanently apt:—

"The temper and character which prevail in our Colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition. Your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery."

It may be said that these words, unlike the words with which Rousseau kindled revolution, failed of their purpose. The Government remained deaf and blind to the demand of British freedom; a terrible war was not averted; one of the greatest disasters in our history ensued. None the less, they glow with the true fire, and the book that contains them ranks with acts, and, indeed, with battles. That we should thus be coupling Rousseau and Burke—two men of naturally violent antipathy—is but one of the common ironies of history, which in the course of years obliterates differences and soothes so many hatreds. To be accepted and honored by the same mind, and even for similar service, the two apparent opposites must have had something in common. What they had in common, we think, was the great qualities that Maine discovered in Rousseau—the vivid imagination and the genuine love for their fellow-men; and by imagination we mean the power of realising the thoughts, feelings, and sufferings of others. Thus from these two qualities combined in the presence of oppression, cruelty, or the ordinary stupid and callous denial of freedom, there sprung that flame of indignation from which alone the burning book derives its fire. Examine those other books whose titles we have mentioned, and we believe their origin will in every case be found the same. They are the flaming children of rage, which was begotten by imaginative power, upon love of the common human kind.

A DRAMATIC INFERNO.

If there were in the world a sincere and total pessimism, it would of necessity be silent. The despair which finds a voice is a social mood, it is the cry of misery which brother utters to brother when both are stumbling through a valley of shadows which is peopled with—comrades. In its anguish it bears witness to something that is good in life, for it presupposes sympathy. Shall I cry to the world "I am hurt," if nowhere there will echo a voice of fellowship and consolation? This is the worst of all possible worlds, but there is in it the ear that hears my cry. Nor, even when he rails on creation and curses mankind, does the pessimist escape this dialectic. Somewhere in heaven or earth he expects assent to his indictment, if not redress for his wrongs. He appeals from his wrongs to an ideal justice. Assent is good, and the chorus of mankind that cursed the gods would be at least a company of kindred souls. Of the pessimist with a muscular mind we need not speak. He declaims against the nature of things because he believes that his will can alter it. He has kept his faith, his action. The scientific pessimist is of all the tribe the most self-contradictory; everything to him is evil, and, as Mrs. F. H. Bradley has it, it must be good to know the worst. He retains the pleasures of analysis and description, and he finds the world, if not good or beautiful, at least interesting and intelligible. The real gloom, the sincere despair, is dumb and blind; it writes no books, and feels no impulse to burden an intolerable universe with a monument more lasting than brass.

It is this puzzle which besets us when we rise from a book of Strindberg's. Is this at last the voice of a total pessimism? He has written an inferno, and men say of him, as they said of the other, that he has been in hell. But in what middle place does he stand to-day? He writes of mankind with a furious vision of perspicuous malevolence, and yet we flatter ourselves that there is still something in us that appeals to him. There is a sort of confidential abuse which is the subtlest of compliments. Rail with sufficient art, and you imply that your victim, however depraved, is at least a superior person, who can be made to understand his own depravity. And in these plays, which dissect the fundamental baseness of mankind, there is always a confident appeal to our intelligence. We are exceedingly base, and what is more, we know it. That at least is a certain consolation. But Strindberg at his best goes further than this. A brooding pity is in him, and the love which does not

admire and will not console, but still is conscious of its own impulse of sympathy and forgiveness.

Strindberg is only to-day accessible for the first time in an English dress to the English reader. But few of us will say for long that we have read him for the first time. Our own experience is that it is impossible to read him once. You will read twice, if you read once, and you will want to read again. There has come no such masterful terror as this into our literature since Dostoevsky was first made accessible in a pitifully imperfect translation. He builds up around you a logical and consistent Hell. It is no shapeless lake of fire and brimstone. It has its structure and its reason. You know precisely the geological process that made its fuel, and the physics of its everlasting bonfire. Virgil looked round the earth in our generation and he found no poet. But he took by the hand this remorseless realist, and the dream has emerged harder than fact and clearer than seeing. It is nightmare that has built itself on evidence. One thinks of the nightmares that James Thomson dreamed:—

"But when a dream night after night is brought
Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many
Recur each year for several years can any
Discern that dream from real life in aught?"

Strindberg's Hell is anywhere in a Scandinavian country town to-day, and his tortured spirits are rather average people of the middle class. We have used the word Scandinavian, but let no one suppose that he will escape the terrors of this Hell by contemplating across the North Sea a safely distant landscape, or an exotic genre picture set in a frame of mountains and fjords. There is no reason why we should compare Strindberg with Ibsen, for no artists of the same race in the same time, with the same material, and the same environment, were ever more unlike. But the very contrast serves to reveal something of the secret of Strindberg's terrible power. Ibsen, individualist himself, is busied in composing rare and interesting individuals. He exhausts his power of artistic creation in making minds and characters which have the value and the idiosyncrasy of portraits. Nor do we ever forget that he is writing of provincial Norway in a particular period of intellectual ferment and transition. Strindberg, to judge from the three plays which Mr. Edwin Björkman has so admirably translated, is emphatically Ibsen's inferior in this power of creative characterisation. That would be an inept criticism, because his aim is clearly something more concentrated and also more universal. If these "Plays" (Duckworth), selected from his vast production by August Strindberg himself, are representative, we cannot claim for him this first of the allurements of a dramatist. He is sparing in the number of his persons—there are only three in the first part of the *Dance of Death*. When he is forced to introduce a subordinate personality like the Lieutenant in the second part, he hardly troubles to individualise him. He scorns the minor art of making entertaining portraits out of the mass of lesser figures whom he admits to the more crowded canvas of "The Link." Local and contemporary color, there is none in any sense that adds to the interest of the play. A telegraph unwinds its tape, and a steamer comes and goes in the "Dance of Death," but for the rest, the husband and wife who make the tragedy might as well be Adam and Eve in a tent outside the Garden, or a medieval soldier and his lady in their castle. He draws their characters with perfect precision. We knew them before we have read a score of pages. We realise every physical trait, and almost anticipate their tricks of speech. But for all their individuality, our interest is never centred in what is peculiar in their temperament and their case. By some legerdemain, which is the secret of his art, Strindberg persuades us that they are the average unenviable married couple after twenty-five years of the sex-duel. You may revolt and deny. You will call it the most blasphemous lie that ever came from a human pen, but the power of the lie at least you must admit. It is plausible enough to challenge denial. The material of plot and situation is equally scanty. Pull yourself

up in the midst of what seems to be a raging torrent of awful events, and you will surprise yourself into a recognition that scarcely anything has happened. Once or twice the husband has seemed to be dying, but until the end he does not die. Once he appears to have performed an act of diabolical revenge. It turns out that he was only lying, and did nothing at all. The whole play turns on the relationship of a man and his wife, a relationship, moreover, which really undergoes no actual change from end to end of the two plays. One never thinks of technique, so apparently loose is the structure; but it is an uncanny and wholly novel mastery which makes of this limited material perhaps the most absorbing and the most overwhelming tragedy written in our generation.

Critics say of Strindberg that he is misogynist and anti-feminist, and that no doubt is true. But the particular shade of his views about women is of minor importance. The fact is that he assigns to each sex its own peculiar share in the colossal baseness and cruelty which makes his reading of the relation of the sexes. The man intrigues with a cold cruelty, and plays the brutal tyrant. The woman passively submits, subduing her hatred, daring no revenge, and acquiring no compassion, until the event comes which seems to strike down her master, and the whole meanness of her less aggressive resentment blazes out in two of the most horrible scenes which have ever been put upon the stage. There are traces of greatness in the man. There is a certain fundamental cowardice in the woman. But when that is said, we do not know that either is less sinister than the other. The play is a study of the rival uglinesses of the oppressor and the oppressed. The woman understands the man with a malicious and penetrating insight, which takes revenge in a fine satirical psychology for every outrage of his coarser egoism. Her own degradation is fully revealed only in the unspeakably horrible scene in which, when at last the man is stricken with paralysis, she dares to cuff his impotent head and pull his beard, while she hurls her jibes at his speechless understanding. "Where is your strength now? Tell me? Where is your energy?" Year by year she had hoped for his death, but when at last it came, her final comment is the strange retrospective admission, "I must have loved that man."

The "Dance of Death" is much the most powerful and, we imagine, the most typical of the plays in this volume. But the "Dream Play" stands out as one of the most singular and original of all literary experiments. It is a play with all the inconsequence of a dream and more than the meaning of fact. Scenes fade one into another, castles grow like flowers, and strange symbolical persons, petrified in some attitude of ineptitude, trudge like ghosts across the scene. It is a somnambulism with a purpose, and as the dreamer wanders through this extravagant world, she bruises her limbs at every turn against reality. It is a super-pessimism which exhibits all the folly and baseness of life, and shows it in the same revelation futile and shadowy and slight. The moral of weariness runs through all these plays. Their watchword is pity—an intellectual pity which neither consoles nor alleviates, and is content to wring its hands. The reader turns away from it all dejected and perplexed. Pessimism such as this is a suppressed contradiction. "Let us recognise our own baseness and pity each other," we hear the teacher say as he takes our hands. But if we are capable of pity, how then can we be base? A student would take these strange achievements of the analytic imagination, bind them in precious leathers, and place them among the masterpieces of his library. But of that library the moralist would lock the door.

FIGHTING THE CATTLE DISEASE.

THE outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease has symbolised its importance to agriculture by a very dramatic entry. At the last moment the dread of it has swept out of the tents of the Royal Show every horned beast, sheep, and

pig, leaving, as has been said, only a show of horses and horticulture. If the epidemic had appeared in those miles of lines it would have been indeed a serious matter, and the mere flowing and ebbing of so many animals to and from Doncaster when the disease was in the country must entail considerable danger of its spread. Everything depends on the vigilance of the Board of Agriculture in isolating the rather alarming number of scattered cases that have been reported and stamping out the conflagration before it burns the whole country. The farmer, Job-like, is prepared for this culminating stroke to finish the recurring ruin that an execrable hay-time has begun.

Ever since rinderpest, or cattle-plague, ceased its visits to Great Britain in the 'seventies of last century, foot-and-mouth disease has been easily the scourge that the farmer has most feared among his horned cattle. It is not nearly so malignant as black-leg or quarter-ill, which attacks with such swiftness and, especially among sheep, so uniformly slays that it has earned the expressive name of "strike." But quarter-ill is not contagious. It clings to the ground so persistently that certain accursed pastures hold their reputation as black-leg land through the centuries, and young cattle have to be vaccinated before being put there. It accounts for a great number of deaths every year, but as the bacillus has not (yet) discovered efficient methods of travel it has not nearly the notoriety of foot-and-mouth disease.

In the strict sense of the word, foot-and-mouth disease is probably not contagious, and the wholesale slaughtering and burnings carried on by the Board of Agriculture are certainly not the most important part of the work of restricting the plague. The germs from the dribbling mouth and the festering feet of afflicted cattle have simply a diabolical success in getting carried about and in finding, after long delay, occasion to enter other healthy systems, and there multiply to the millionth power that means disease and perhaps death. The Commission that sat on last year's outbreaks, and reported only a few days ago, said little enough of a very helpful nature. But when it considered the fact that the disease had been rife for a long time on the Continent, it found that we had been fortunate to have escaped infection so long. In April of this year the disease was in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France (on 1,251 farms), Germany (3,951 places), Holland, Hungary, Italy, Montenegro, Russia (24,190 animals), Sweden, Switzerland, and Spain, where no fewer than 114,539 cases existed.

With so exceedingly active an enemy menacing us from so many quarters, it is plain that nothing but eternal vigilance could preserve us. We are in trade with all those countries, and it is by no means enough for safety to say that they shall send us no live animals. The Committee enumerated as commodities capable of carrying the disease, hay, straw, milk and milk products, hides, heads, hooves, and, with sad irony, vaccine seed and lymph. By some of these means, or by others open to the ingenuity of the microbe, infection comes, and so far from guarding against it, we are in most cases unable to say after the event how the invasion was accomplished. The only explanation of any infection that seemed to be quite satisfactory related to the Edinburgh case of 1908, which was said to have originated in some straw that had been used for packing eggs from the Continent. If the bacillus can bide its time in straw, and survive all the handling of the forager, the egg merchant, the shipper, and the grocer, it is clear that very elaborate precautions are needed to prevent it from getting from one field to the next, or from flying freshly over England from the many centres that it has already established.

Nothing short of a state of siege can satisfy the authorities. The great difficulty is the openness of the country, the paucity of sentinels available, and the inability of the average drover or cowman to enter into the scheme of a campaign by carbolic acid. It is suggested, on behalf of Dublin County, that infection was brought there from Cumberland by drovers who had evaded the command to purify their boots by walking through a disinfectant. A drover who should walk forty

miles along the road in boots that had trodden an infected pasture might do great harm, and the order of the Board that stock should not graze along the roadsides is rather less than a doctrine of perfection. The uncomfortable speculation arises that the libertine bird, laughing at the orders of the Board of Agriculture, may transplant the spores into any county that suits its vagrant mood. May it be that the Yellow Wagtail, so fond of cattle that it is called in France *Bergeronnette*, brings to us sometimes together with its announcement of spring a murrain on our flocks and herds?

The damage that would be done by a general epidemic among cattle is terrible, but happily doubtful. The loss that belongs to the essential preventive measures is great and far-reaching. The measure of necessity calling for the Irish embargo is also the measure of the importance of the trade to exporter and importer. Thousands of Irish peasants will miss the all-important pound or two that England pays gladly for his lean yearlings; thousands of English farmers will miss the rough-coated Irish "stores" that their rich meadows and winter stalls fatten into beef. The store bought from outside is the lynch-pin of English agriculture. It must be bought even if its price is so high that it can only be fed at a loss, because it is an essential to the rest of the economy of the farm. Its price has been steadily rising for many years, as much as thirty per cent. during the last five years, and the result has been bad for the whole of agriculture.

Milk is our undoing, from the worst consequences of which only an Ireland free to send us young cattle has been able to save us. The milk trade is so large that most farmers cannot afford to keep the calves. They are sold for veal, and weaned calves bought for the production of beef. The slaughter of calves is so heavy that, with almost twice as many cows as Ireland, we raise little more than the same number of yearlings. Surely it were no bad thing for the race that boasts of its roast beef to eat no veal at all. A correspondent of the Board of Agriculture wrote recently:—

"The sentimental aspect is worth consideration. The slaughter of very immature animals, like calves a fortnight or three weeks old, is distinctly repugnant to human nature. The sight of these carcasses in butchers' windows is almost loathsome."

Perhaps, by dint of cheating them with cream substitutes, a good many English calves will be saved as a result of the present prohibition of Irish stores.

Who does not know those rough, hungry-looking, but healthy Irish heifers and steers. No English farm is complete without them. Every month their sleek, half-fat predecessors are leaving for the market, and before they are gone we must have the next batch of youngsters. Because every farm knows them, there could not be a more dangerous nidus for sporadic disease than Ireland. And now for some weeks or months, which we heartily hope will be few, we shall know them no more. If we knew the hillsides on which they are reared across the Irish Sea, we could easily find pastures equally suited to them on this side. We should find them as little cultivated as were the wilds of British Columbia twenty years ago, and a thoroughly earnest people resolved to be master in its own house would lose no time in turning the waste to wealth. The highlands of Scotland and the mountains of England and Wales could do much to redress this sad grievance of British agriculture, and many problems of the towns as well, if only the people in its collective capacity could be persuaded that sheep and cattle, to say nothing of men, are more valuable than deer and grouse.

The English farmer, who knows well enough what his need of cheaper live cattle is, calls out loudly enough for relief in directions that seem most open to him, though far from home. It is inconceivable to him that the enemy or the remedy can be at home. He will call now for the opening of our ports to Canadian and Argentine live cattle, as he calls always for the closing of our ports to foreign meat. He must learn to call for the opening of our land to agriculture, and the closing of it to extravagant sport.

Short Studies.

"LIBERTÉ, LIBERTÉ, CHÉRIE!"

JUST escaped from the prison-house of Russia, I had reached Marseilles. The whole city, the bay, and the surrounding hills, bright with villas and farms, glittered in sunshine. So did the spidery bridge that swings the ferry across the Old Harbor's mouth. Even the fortifications looked quite amiable under such a sky. Booming sirens sounded the approach of great liners, moving slowly to their appointed docks. Little steamers hurried from point to point along the shores with crowded decks, and the lighthouses stood white against the Mediterranean blue.

The streets were thronged with busy people. The shops and cafés were thronged. At all the bathing-places along the bay crowds of men, women, and children were plunging with joy into the cool, transparent water. The walls and kiosks were covered with gay advertisements of balls, concerts, theatres, and open-air music-halls. Flaunting and flirting to and fro, women recalled what pleasure was. Electric trams went clanging down the lines. Motors hooted as they set off for tours in the Alps. Little carriages, with many-colored hoods, loitered temptingly beside the pavements. The stalls along the quay shone with every variety of gleaming fish, and every produce of the kindly earth. The sun went smiling through the air; the sea smiled in answer. And over all, high upon her rocky hill, watched the great image of Notre Dame de la Garde.

"This is civilisation! This is liberty!" cried a Frenchman, who had joined our ship in Turkey, and was now seated beside me, enjoying the return to security, peace, and the comfort of his own language.

Yes; it was civilisation, and it was liberty. Has not the name of Marseilles breathed the very spirit of liberty all over the world? And yet his words recalled to me another scene, and the remark of another native of Marseilles.

We were steaming slowly along the West Coast of Africa, landing cargo at point after point, or calling for it as required. Day by day we wallowed through the oily water, under a misty sun, that did not scorch, but boiled. Day by day we watched the low-lying shore—the unvarying line of white beach, almost as white as the foam which dashed against it; and beyond the beach, the long black line of unbroken forest. Nothing was to be seen but those parallel lines of white beach and black forest, stretching both ways to the horizon. At dawn they were partly concealed by serpentine ghosts of mist that slowly vanished under the increasing heat; and at sunset the mists stole silently over them again. But all day and all night the sickly stench of vegetation, putrefying in the steam of those forests from age to age, pervaded the ship as with the breath of plague.

One morning the scream of our whistle and the bang of our little signal-gun, followed by the prolonged rattle of the anchor-chain running through the hawse-pipe, showed that we had reached some point of call. The ship lay about half-a-mile off shore, and one could see black figures running about the beach and pushing off a big black boat. The spray shot high in the air as the bow dived through the surf, and soon we could hear the hiss and gasp of the rowers as they drew near. They were naked negroes, shining with oil and sweat. Standing up in the boat, with face to bow, they plunged their paddles perpendicularly into the water with a hiss, and drew them out with a gasp. A swirling circle of foam marked where each stroke had fallen, and the boat surged nearer through the swell, till, with a swish of backing paddles, it stopped alongside the ship's ladder, like a horse reined up. Out of the stern there stepped a little figure, just recognisable as a white man. His helmet was soaked and battered out of shape. The tattered relics of his white-duck suit were plastered with yellow palm-oil and various kinds of grease. So was the singlet, which was his only other clothing. So were his face and hands. But he was a white man, and he came up the ship's side with the confident air of Europe.

The purser greeted him on deck, and they disappeared into the purser's cabin to make out the bill of lading. The hatch was opened, and the steam crane began hauling barrels and sacks out of the boat, and then depositing other great barrels in their place, according to the simplest form of barter. The barrels we took smelt of palm-oil; the barrels we gave smelt of rum. When the boat could hold no more, the little man re-appeared with the purser, and was introduced to me as Mr. Jacks.

He took off his battered helmet, inclined his body from the middle of his back, and said, "Enchanted, sair!"

Then he gave me his oily hand, which wanted rubbing down with a bit of deck swabbing.

"You fit for go shore one time?" he asked in the pidjin English of the Coast, still keeping his helmet politely raised.

"Oui, certainement, toute suite," I replied in the pidjin French of England.

If I had been the King conferring on him the title of Duke with a corresponding income, his face could not have expressed greater surprise and ecstasy.

He replied with a torrent of French, of which I understood nearly all, except the point.

Taking my arm (the coat-sleeve never recovered from the oily stain), he led me to the ship's side and steadied the rope ladder while I went down, the purser following behind, or rather on my head. We sat on the barrels, M. Jacques took a paddle to steer, and hissing and gasping, the queer-smelling crew started for the beach. When we came near, M. Jacques turned with his pleasant smile to the purser, and said, "Surf no good! Plenty purser live for drown this one place."

"That's all right," said the purser. Then the paddling stopped, and M. Jacques looked over the stern to watch the swell. For a long time we hung there, the waves rolling smoothly under us and crashing against the steep bank of sand just in front, as a stormy sea crashes against a south-coast esplanade at full tide under a south-west wind. Gently moving his paddle this way and that M. Jacques held the stern to the swell, till suddenly he shouted "One time!" and the natives drove their paddles into the water like spears. On the top of a huge billow we rushed forward. It broke, and we crashed down upon the beach. In a dome of green and white the surge passed clean over us, and then, with a roar like a torrent, it dragged us back. Another great wave broke over the stern, and again we were hurled forward beneath it. This time a crowd of natives rushed into the foam and, clinging to the gunwale, held us steady against the backwash. Out we all sprang into two feet of rushing water, and hauled the boat clear up the shore.

"Surf no good!" observed M. Jacques; "but purser live this time." Then he shook himself like a dog, rolled on the fine sand, shook himself again, and with the smile of all the angels, remarked, "Now we fit for go get one dilly drink."

Leaving the natives to roll up the great barrels from the boat, we climbed the beach to a long but narrow strip of fairly hard ground, on which one solitary thorn-tree had contrived to grow. The further side of the bank fell steeply into the vast swamp of the Coast. There the mangrove trees stood rotting in black water and slimy ooze, so thick together that the misty sun never penetrated half-way down their inextricable branches, and even from the edge of the forest one looked into darkness. On the top of that thin plateau between the roaring sea and the impenetrable swamp, M. Jacques had made his home. It was a ramshackle little house, run together of boards and corrugated iron, and bearing evidence of all the mistakes of which a West African native is capable. At midday the solitary thorn afforded a transparent shade; for the rest of daylight the dwelling sweltered and boiled unprotected. Round house and tree ran a mud wall, about five feet high, loop-holed at intervals. And just inside the house door was fastened a rack of three rifles, kept tolerably clean.

"Plenty pom-pom," said M. Jacques, as I looked

at them (he returned to the language that I evidently understood better than his own). "Black man he cut throats too much. You never savvy."

Opening a padlocked trap-door in the flooring, he disappeared into an underground cavern. Calling to me, he struck a match, and I looked down into a kind of dungeon cell, smelling of damp like a vault. There I saw a broken camp bed, covered with a Kaffir blanket.

"Here live for catch dilly sleep," he cried triumphantly, as though exhibiting a palace. "Plenty cool night here."

Then, with a bottle in one hand, he came up the ladder, and carefully locking the trap-door and pulling a table over it, he observed, "Black man he thief too much."

With one thought only—the longing for liquid of any kind but salt water—we sat in crazy deck-chairs under the iron verandah, where a few starved chickens pecked unhappily at the dust. Presently there came the padding sound of naked feet upon the hard-baked earth, and a dark figure emerged from an inner kitchen. It was a young negress. Her short, woolly hair was cut into sections, like a melon, by lines that showed the paler skin below. The large dark eyes were filmy as a seal's, and the heavy black lips projected far in front of the flat nostrils, slit sideways like a bull-dog's. From breast to knee she was covered with a length of dark blue cotton, wound twice round her body, and fastened with two safety pins. In her hands, which were pinkish inside and on the palm like a monkey's, she held a tray, and coming close to us, she stood, silent and motionless, in front of M. Jacques.

Into three meat-tins that served for cups, he poured out wine from the bottle he had brought up from his subterranean bedroom. Then he filled up his own cup from a larger meat-tin of water fresh from the marsh. We did the same to make the wine go further, and at last we drank. It was the vilest wine the chemists of Hamburg ever made, though German education favors chemistry; and the water tasted like the bilge of Charon's boat. But it was liquid, and when we had drained the tins—I will not say to the dregs, for Hamburg wine has no dregs—M. Jacques lay back with a sigh and said, "Drink fine too much."

The girl handed us sticky slabs of Africa's maize bread, and then padded off with the tray. Coming out again, she crouched down on her heels against the door-post, and silently watched us with impenetrable eyes, that never blinked or turned aside, no matter how much one stared.

Meantime, the natives from the beach, with many sighs and groans, were rolling up the cargo barrels, and setting them, one by one, in a barricaded storehouse. "That Bank of France," said M. Jacques, locking the door securely when all the barrels were stowed. "Plenty rum all the same good for plenty gold."

Their spell of labor finished, the natives stretched themselves in the shadow of the enclosure wall, and slept, while we sat languidly looking over the steaming water at the ship, now dim in the haze. The heat was so intense that, in spite of our drenching in the surf, the sweat was running down our faces and backs again. The repeated crash and drag of the waves were the only sounds, except when now and again a parrot shrieked from the forest, or some great trunk, rotted right through at last, fell heavily into the swamp among the tangled roots and slime. Even the mosquitoes were still, and the only movement was the hovering of giant hornets, attracted by the smell of the wine.

"Holiday fine too much," said M. Jacques, smiling at us dreamily, and stretching out his legs as he sank lower into his creaking chair.

"One month, one ship; holiday same time," he explained, and he went on to tell us he worked too plenty hard the rest of the month, stowing the palm-oil and kernels as the natives brought them in by hardly perceptible tracks from their villages far across the swamp.

"Bit slow, isn't it, old man?" said the purser.

"Not slow," he answered quickly; "plenty black

man go thief, go kill; plenty fever, plenty live for die."

"I should think you miss the French cafés and concerts and dancing and all that sort of thing," I remarked.

"No matter for them things," he answered. "Liberty here. Liberty live for this one place."

"Where there ain't no Ten Commandments," I quoted.

"No ten? No one," he cried, shaking one finger in my face excitedly, so as to make the meaning of "one" quite clear.

Just then the steamer sounded her siren.

"The old man's getting in a stew," said the purser, slowly standing up and mopping his face.

The crew stretched themselves, tightened their wisps of cotton, and slowly stood up too.

As M. Jacques led us politely down to the surf-boat again, I heard him quietly singing in an undertone, "Liberté, Liberté, chérie!"

"What part of France do you come from?" I asked.

"From Marseilles, Monsieur," he answered, and having helped push off the boat, he stood with raised hat, watching us dive through the breakers. Then he slowly climbed the sand again, and I saw him pass into the gate of his fortified wall.

It was strange. Against that man every possible Commandment could be broken, but there was only one which he could have had any pleasure in breaking himself. And as I sat at Marseilles, watching the happy crowds of men and women pass to and fro, it appeared to me that he would have been at liberty to break that Commandment without leaving his native city.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CHURCH AND THE LAW.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No term is used so loosely as the "Church." Just now, as employed by what is called the Church Party, it appears to stand for the "Table of Kindred and Affinity," drawn up by Archbishop Parker in 1563; and, in Wheatly's words, "now very frequently printed at the end of Common Prayer-Books." One could wish for a larger conception. The word "Ecclesia," or Church, signifies the community—in N.T. Greek, the Christian community—as a whole. And the authority of the Church is the authority of the conscience of this Christian community. Any narrower interpretation lands us in confusion, as the Banister case shows. To come down to particular Churches, the Reformation Settlement contemplated an English Church co-extensive with the English people. The same men and women who constituted the State constituted the Church also. Each term, indeed, regarded them from its own standpoint—the one as citizens, the other as Christians. But the persons signified in each case were identical. The connotation varied; the denotation was the same. The actual, as usually happens, has fallen short of the ideal; but this ideal is the key to the right understanding of the National Church. This body succeeded, in substance, to the position of the Pre-Reformation Church, because it represented English Christianity more adequately than any of its competitors. It will stand where it does as long—and only as long—as it retains this large tradition. A medievalised and sectarian Anglicanism, whatever the future may have in store for it, will not remain the National Church.

In religion, as elsewhere, the conscience of the community as a whole is more to be trusted than that of any section of the community; and, if this be called Erastianism, we need not disclaim the name. But the question is not so much one of Erastianism as of common-sense. No one will contend that, were Parliament to legalise, e.g., polygamy, the Church should, or could, admit polygamists to communion. If the Archbishop's carefully-balanced utterance means no more than this, he is on safe ground. There are limits to the obedience of the subject. The reason why we are predisposed to blame persons who come into conflict

with the law under pretext of religion—and the same may be said of other pretexts—is not that they resist the law (such resistance might conceivably be justifiable and even imperative), but that, ordinarily, the law is right and they are wrong. It is so here. It is unlikely that marriage with a deceased wife's sister will become common. But its prohibition is a survival of a conception of affinity now obsolete, and corresponds to no dictate of the Christian conscience. The Church of Rome, with her usual practical wisdom, recognises this. Such marriages fall under the forbidden degrees; but they can be contracted with a dispensation, and this dispensation is easily obtained. To retain the prohibition without the dispensing power is to play at medievalism. In no other subject-matter than religion could the position be taken seriously, or regarded as sincere. The Archbishop's responsibility is great. He has to keep the Church together, and he is faced by the scarcely-veiled threat of the extremists to break it up if they are crossed, or even to secede. Hence a caution which recalls that of Mr. Balfour, during the Tariff Reform controversy, or of Principal Rainy in the Robertson-Smith case. It is possible that in each instance the more direct course would have proved the better policy, and a firmer grasp of the nettle have crushed the sting.

It should be noticed that those who took it upon themselves to repel Mr. and Mrs. Banister from the Holy Table did not themselves observe the rubric on which they professed to act. This rubric does not invest an individual minister with the power of excluding from communion. "Provided that every minister so repelling any . . . shall be obliged to give an account of the same to the Ordinary within fourteen days at the farthest. And the Ordinary shall proceed against the offending person according to the Canon." Had this procedure been adopted, it is safe to say that the present conflict would have been avoided. The Lambeth Conference laid down that marriage with a deceased wife's sister, where permitted by the civil law, is to be regarded "not as a non-marital union, but as marriage ecclesiastically irregular, while not constituting the parties 'open and notorious evil liver.' " The phrasing is ambiguous. But it provides, and was intended to provide, an escape from the dilemma which, it was foreseen, might arise.

The development of the Free Churches, with which in the past the more independent religious elements of the community associated themselves, and the indifference of the average Englishman to ideas, have combined to give the parochial clergy a power which it was never intended to place in their hands, which they are, for the most part, eminently unfit to exercise, and from which, practically, there is no appeal. The consequences are often disastrous. In one case, private confession is insisted on as a condition of marriage; in another the "solemnisation of matrimony" is refused between Rogation Sunday and Trinity; in a third a candidate for confirmation is rejected because he does not accept the story of Balaam's ass as historical. The public mind is unfortunately apathetic—were it less so, the religious outlook would be more hopeful; but the effect of such incidents is undermining, and should modifications of the law lead to friction between the clergy and the courts, the results may be far reaching. In case of conflict the clergy will be the first to suffer; and the responsibility for the situation created will rest mainly with themselves and their friends.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED FAWKES.

Ashby St. Ledgers, July 1st, 1912.

THE GOVERNMENT, THE PORT OF LONDON, AND CASUAL LABOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was glad to see in the "Diary of the Week," in your issue of June 22nd, a reference to the policy of the Port of London Authority in regard to casual labor. This aspect of the situation in the Port has not, unfortunately, been given nearly enough prominence during the last month. I should be glad if you could find space to enable me to quote in full Section 28 of the Port of London Act, 1908, which is headed "Regulation of engagement of casual labor."

"(1) The Port Authority shall take into consideration the existing methods and conditions of engagement of workmen

employed in dock, riverside, and warehouse labor in connection with the Port of London, and shall either by themselves or in co-operation with other bodies or persons [i.e., presumably, the Board of Trade Labor Exchanges], by establishing, or maintaining, or assisting in the establishment or maintenance of offices, waiting-rooms, and employment registers, and by the collection and communication of information, and otherwise, take such steps as they think best calculated to diminish the evils of casual employment, and to promote the more convenient and regular engagement of such workmen or any class thereof:

"Provided that nothing in this section shall deprive any person of any legal right which he would otherwise possess with regard to the engagement of labor.

"(2) The Port of London Authority may make bye-laws with respect to admission to, and the maintenance of order in, such offices and waiting-rooms, and otherwise for the purpose of carrying this section into effect."

The Port Authority were thus definitely instructed four years ago to take effective steps to deal with the casual labor problem—"the wild-beast struggle for work" as it was called by a writer in your columns who was recently dealing with conditions in West Ham.

Now, we should be entitled to a full and detailed account from the Government of the steps which have been taken by the Port Authority to carry out the obligation laid upon them by Parliament, and of any negotiations into which the Government may have entered with the Port Authority on the subject. It is, of course, obvious that in fact practically nothing has been done during the four years that have elapsed since the Act was passed. For this, if for no other reason, the Port of London Authority is responsible for the chaos into which the commerce of London has been thrown by the recent labor troubles. Does anyone in his senses imagine that as long as the conditions of casual labor remain as they are, casual laborers can be morally or actually bound by any collective bargain, except in so far as the mere brute force of the social system can keep them to it? No doubt, in order to carry out a really effective scheme, it would eventually have been necessary to repeal or modify the provision that employers of casual labor shall remain absolutely free to engage labor as they please. But the wording of this provision does not relieve the Port Authority of the duty of making a serious effort to deal with the problem.

In Liverpool, a comprehensive scheme has recently been the subject of negotiations between the masters, the men, and the Board of Trade. It will probably be put into operation shortly. This has been done without any statutory obligations being placed upon the Port Authority, as was the case in London.

I trust that a thorough inquiry will be made into this question by social reformers of all parties in Parliament, and that the Port of London Authority will receive the treatment which it deserves.

Section 27 of the Port of London Act reads as follows:—

"(1) On complaint being made to the Board of Trade by any person interested that the Port Authority are acting in a manner unfairly oppressive to him by reason of the mode in which they carry on their dock or warehousing business, including charges made in respect of such business, the Board, if they think that there is a reasonable ground of complaint, shall call upon the Port Authority for an explanation, and shall endeavor to settle amicably the differences between the complainant and the Port Authority, and shall from time to time submit to Parliament such reports with regard thereto as they think fit.

"(2) For the purposes of this section, "person" shall include any association of persons which obtains a certificate from the Board of Trade that it is a proper body to make a complaint."

This section was no doubt inserted to protect the interest of private traders, but it is obviously also applicable to the employees of the Port. Has it been made use of by them? The words "unfairly oppressive" are a very mild description of the treatment of casual labor by the Authority.—Yours, &c.,

Z.

THE REFORM OF THE LAW OF NAVAL WARFARE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Attention has lately been directed to an epitome of an article by Professor Funck-Brentano, which appeared some time ago in *THE NATION*. "On every occasion," says the Professor, "when the reform of the law of naval war-

fare has been mooted at some international congress, the proposal has met with the most violent opposition on the part of England." May one ask Professor Funck-Brentano what reception was accorded to the proposition to abolish the harassing law of contraband put forward by Great Britain in 1907 at the second Hague Conference?—Yours, &c.,

TH. BATT.

Temple, June 25th, 1912.

THE FRENCH BIRTH-RATE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the majority of your readers will have duly appreciated the letter of R. E. D. commenting upon the recent birth-rate returns in France, and approving the wisdom of parents who recognise that when the economic conditions only allow of justice being done to two or three children per family it is folly to have more. But I would like to criticise his statement that "the population question is already a grave one in France and will soon be in every civilised country." Is it really a grave one? Has France not been showing the national, as well as the individual, advantages of small families and large savings? Her neighbors, too, have begun to see these advantages, and will soon surely join with her in a Malthusian alliance which would obviate the present burdensome and shameful expenditure on armaments, and which would steadily come to include every country in this nearly replenished world.—Yours, &c.,

B. DUNLOP, M.B.

Brasted, Kent, June 29th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "R. E. D.," is mistaken in his data as to the decline in the French birth-rate. The facts are these. From 1872, when the birth-rate stood at 26.7, to 1890, when it stood at 21.8, there was a steady and practically uninterrupted decline. From 1891, when it stood at 22.6 (a small recovery), to 1901, when it stood at 22.0, the decline was almost stayed. From 1901 to the present time, the decline has continued at an ever accelerated pace. As to your correspondent's statements that "the birth-rate reached its lowest level during the five years beginning in 1886," and that, "by the time that the generation educated in the secular schools had become old enough to be parents, the birth-rate began to recover," it is only necessary to compare the figures for the two periods. Here they are:—

	Births.	Birth-rate.
1886	913,000	23.9
1887	899,000	23.5
1888	883,000	23.1
1889	880,000	23.0
1890	838,000	21.8

It is instructive to compare these figures with those for the last five years:—

	Births.	Birth-rate.
1907	773,000	19.7
1908	791,000	20.1
1909	770,000	19.6
1910	774,000	19.7
1911	742,000	19.0

Your correspondent's "facts" having thus gone by the board, his inferences must follow them. It is only too evident that the generation which has grown to manhood since the establishment of secular education is less inclined to reproduce itself, and more addicted to Malthusianism, than any of its predecessors.

Your correspondent's allusions to the decline in population of the Côtes du Nord show he does not properly distinguish between the two totally different matters of a decline in the population, and an excess of deaths. The birth-rate of the Côtes du Nord is one of the highest in France, and there is in that department a yearly excess of births averaging over three thousand. Nevertheless, the census figures of the department show a decline, as the closely packed and prolific population tends to move eastward even faster than it is reproduced. In Western Normandy there is, in fact, a very large element of these Breton immigrants, who tend to replace the decaying native population.

The theory of "R. E. D." that misuse of alcohol tends, in France, to a high birth-rate will not bear examination.

The Norman departments are, with the exception of those of Brittany, the most drunken in France, yet year by year there is in Normandy a large excess of deaths. In the comparatively Catholic Vendée, one of the most sober in France, the birth-rate is relatively high, and there is a large yearly excess of births.

I should strongly demur to your correspondent's statement as to Finistère being the least Catholic department of Brittany; on the contrary, I should certainly consider it the most religious. The great city of Brest is, no doubt, as anti-Catholic as any other large French town; but in Brest the yearly excess of births is very small. The least religious department of Brittany is certainly the Ille et Vilaine, which borders on Normandy and Maine, is French-speaking, has few Breton characteristics, and boasts the lowest birth-rate of any department in the province.

In fact, it cannot usefully be denied that in France a thoroughly irreligious population invariably connotes, not only a low birth-rate, but an actual excess of deaths. A good example is a group of departments east of Paris in which religion is practically extinct, and in which the yearly excess of deaths over births is absolutely appalling. This group would include the departments of Marne, Seine et Marne, Yonne, Aube, Haute Marne, and Côte d'Or.

Equally irreligious and equally barren of children is a large group in the Valley of the Garonne. This group would include Lot, Lot et Garonne, Tarn et Garonne, Haute Garonne, and Gers.

On the other hand, as examples of relatively religious and relatively prolific departments, I may instance Finistère, Morbihan, Côtes du Nord, Pas de Calais, Nord, Basses Pyrénées, and Haute Loire.—Yours, &c.,

G. W. S.

2, Charlotte Street, Brighton,
July 2nd, 1912.

LIBERALISM AND NATIONAL INSURANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A Liberal for Fifty Years," says that "the inequality with which the employers' contributions fall upon various industries is beyond belief."

I should like to ask if this inequality is any greater, or more unfair, than our present system of rating, according to the value of the property occupied, and not according to the profit made. Yet this system is accepted as a matter of course, and, probably, your correspondent, with his 1,400 workers, will have to pay fourteen times the amount of rates paid by his neighbor, who only employs 100 hands, although the latter may have treble the amount of profit from his business.

I dare assert, further, that your correspondent pays his rates without questioning whether the reins should not be given to more careful Ministers.

As you state in your leading article, the fairest way of sharing the burden would have been to make the scheme non-contributory, and raise the whole amount from the taxes. Then the stockbroker, with his half-dozen clerks, and the man whose income is derived from foreign and colonial investments would have to pay their fair proportion, instead of casting the burden on a section of the people only. But, as you further state, the greatest opponents of such a scheme would have been those moderate Liberals, whose opposition is the cause of the very injustice which they complain about so bitterly.

If your correspondent's Liberalism was as keen now as it was fifty years ago, he would be devoutly thankful that the reins were not in the hands of "careful" Ministers.

A rating system which penalises enterprise; a land system, under which the town occupier pays rates to improve his town, and then, on the top of this, has to pay an increased rent for the use of the land which his rates have made more valuable; and a rural system under which the best of our country people are being driven out of this country—these are the fruits of government by "careful" Ministers.

Those who call themselves Liberals may be satisfied with these conditions; but those who are Liberals surely prefer the present "careless" Administration.—Yours, &c.,

H. TURNER.

Sheffield, June 29th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was sorry to read the letter of "A Liberal for Fifty Years" in your last number. Doubtless it was written in a moment of temporary irritation, for such a good employer as he appears to be must seriously misunderstand the Act if he thinks it is going to cripple large employers. Let him look at the situation fairly. He is faced with what practically amounts to an all-round increase of wages of (roughly) 3d. in the £, or 1½ per cent. The only difference is that the sum is paid to the Post Office, instead of being handed direct to his employees. He must treat this increase in wages as he has done similar increases in the past—he must add it to the cost of production. A manufacturer would never dream of paying increased wages out of profits. Neither should he pay the cost of National Insurance out of profits. It must come either from increased selling prices, or from economies in other directions in the cost of production. Many manufacturers talk as if this 1½ per cent. additional wages cost would ruin them, forgetting that wages in many trades have gone up 10 per cent. or 15 per cent. in the last few years without the slightest interference either with trade or with profits.

All increases in cost of production are worrying to a manufacturer. I know, for I am a manufacturer myself; but they adjust themselves in time. Let "A Liberal for Fifty Years" have patience. The "end of all things" is not yet. Manufacturers, as well as others, must be prepared to make some sacrifice in order to insure the workers against sickness and unemployment. It is a great measure, with far-reaching consequences on the welfare and happiness of the nation, and I am convinced that, in a year or two, we will be wondering how ever we did without it.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH A. LECKIE.

Walsall, July 1st, 1912.

THE TREATMENT OF SUFFRAGETTES IN PRISON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You protest, in your editorial columns this week, against the attempt to make out that deliberate cruelty has been inflicted on suffragettes in prison; and certainly, if the complaints you proceed to instance were comprehensive, or even typical, your protest would meet with cordial agreement from every fair-minded person. But are you, on your part, acting quite fairly in suggesting that such complaints are typical? That many of the prison officials are careful and kind, I have always found militant suffragists the first to acknowledge; but it is not deniable that Lady Constance Lytton, under an assumed name, was forcibly fed without her heart having been tested to see if the operation would be dangerous or not; or that one of the prisoners committed in March was fed by a tube inserted through the nose after she had informed the doctor that her nose had been broken; or that Mrs. Pankhurst was, also in March, placed in a cold, damp, crawling cell when she had only just recovered from bronchitis. I could give you many more instances of cruelty to suffragists in prison—cruelty which no explanation can make out to be other than deliberate; but these three are notorious. Forcible feeding, moreover, is itself cruel, and that is deliberate enough. It seems to many people that the Government is involving itself in a vicious circle; it is pursuing methods of repression which are certainly calculated to provoke indignant reprisals, and when these reprisals come, I fear the Government will turn round and say that the militancy it has courted prevents the passage of a votes-for-women amendment. I appeal to you, in the name of that Liberalism—not of party, but of principle—which on every other issue you have so nobly guarded, to lend no support to such an illiberal procedure.—Yours, &c.,

GERALD GOULD.

University of London, University College,
Gower Street, London, W.C.
July 1st, 1912.

THE COMING QUESTION OF THE LAND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Reverting to Mr. J. Marshall Sturge's letter in your issue of the 22nd ult., my observation of the agricul-

tural laborer is that, if he has a garden of a manageable size or an allotment at a convenient distance from his home, either of these are a considerable assistance to him in living on his wage of 18s. a week, which is the north-country wage, provided he is in fairly regular work. But, in order to do this, he is obliged to be very frugal, and he and his wife must possess considerable judgment in laying out his income.

I observe that there are several grades of farm laborers, and the most intelligent and energetic do fairly well, as they are in demand for such extra jobs as sheep-shearing, sheep-dipping, lambing, thatching, draining, singling turnips, and several other jobs of which a quick man makes specialties. Men fall into these extra things according to their ability; but the slow-witted and unhandy man, who has no special recommendations, has not a very happy time, as he is often out of work in the winter, when wages are most needed, and has, indeed, a hard struggle to live, especially if he has three or four young children.

This difficulty of the man hardly up to the mark, of course, applies everywhere and in all trades all the world over, and is at the bottom of a great deal of the poverty that exists. But it is more directly noticeable in the country, especially when you consider that a farm laborer is—or should be—a skilled laborer. Even ploughing is an art to be learnt, and there are several degrees of merit in its performance.

Even if a man has no bit of land of his own—and there are many of such cases—he is better off if he lives in a neighborhood where other men have, as he can often do a bit of work at nights, or at other times if he is slack, for his fellow-laborers or for small tradesmen who possess some. In that case, he either gets a shilling or two, or takes his labor out in vegetables, potatoes, or other produce. Some times the farmer gives him an odd corner to grow potatoes in, and in various ways, by sharp contrivance, he augments his income, here a bit and there a bit. The "immortal pig" is a great stand-by to many. Some, also, fancy bees or poultry.

But it is all hard work. A farm hand's hours are long. His life is chiefly composed of work and bed. What doctor, or parson, or merchant, or tradesman, or other non-manual worker, would care for such a dull round of incessant toil? Yet there are lively fellows among them. One man, particularly, I know, in our parish, who has brought up ten children, but is of so mercurial a temperament that his wife still jokingly chides him as a great boy.

The supply of clothing is a hard nut to crack for the agricultural laborer. It really seems a miracle to well-off people, with their dress-bills for the family, how he does it. His own personal clothing cannot be neglected, and for anything like decent comfort he must have a change of garments when he comes home, as he often does, wet through. He is also obliged to have a great-coat, which he generally gets second-hand—an army coat or a policeman's are favorites. Their wives often exhibit great shrewdness in acquiring clothing for themselves and their little Johnnies and Marys. I could relate several odd stories of the manner in which they conduct their ways and means in this respect. One often sees weekly budgets of working men's expenditure, but I never have seen one that I thoroughly believed in, for not one in ten thousand could put his weekly expenditure on paper anything like approximately. Even with them no two weeks are quite alike.

An old friend of mine accosted an old laborer recently, and said to him, "You must be a rich man now, William, with 18s. a week, and all your family off your hands. How did you manage on 14s. a week and a young family to keep twenty years ago?" "Why," said the laborer, "I don't rightly know. We just scratted along, and did without things. Oft in winter time master let me take a turnip or two home at nights for our suppers." The recipe was: Boil, and serve up with dry bread. If you want to know what to do for these rural laborers, do not evolve things out of your inner consciousness. You must mingle among them and study them unobtrusively. You must not let them see you are observing them. Some are sharp and sly, and will quickly take your measure, and work on you all they can. Others are shy birds, and resent such action of yours. It is a humble pride that dislikes being watched by people of a different class.

Rural housing is a difficult job. This has been shamefully neglected in the past, even by well-feeling men who were in a position to do something. Why? Because the question of "property" comes in. To most it is a thing inconceivable to lay out money when the return is inadequate, as it must be. On some estates the agent shakes his head. "Small property is a bad investment," says he, "and also a nuisance, what with collecting rents and repairing." Small rural property owners are even worse. "What, my land for cottages!" they cry. "Two per cent and all the trouble and bother! when I can let this little bit of field at even £4 an acre, with rent paid promptly."

Nevertheless, if we are going to help our rural population, it is imperative they must be housed. Co-operation, partly philanthropic, or State-aid, must do it. Partly philanthropic, I say, because I cannot see how it can be a paying venture to build rural cottages with gardens; but it is a splendid form of doing good. Better than out-and-out charity, and degrading, independence-destroying doles.—Yours, &c.,

Patrington, East Yorks.

July 1st, 1912.

WALTER MOXON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not think your correspondent, Mr. Hugh Aronson, deals very effectively with the housing question in villages, which he rightly says is the most important rural problem before us. He thinks that the Housing Act is defective because under it cottages cannot be built at a cost which will allow of a rent of less than 4s. 3d. a week. The cost of building differs, of course, greatly in different parts of the country. In the district with which I am acquainted, a pair of good cottages can be built for £300, and a row of four or five for a good deal less than £150 per cottage. In any case, it is difficult to see how the cost of building can be reduced by Act of Parliament. As far as my experience goes, the present Act fails in this way: In a rural district there may be some villages or parishes in which better housing accommodation is urgently required, and others which are fairly well supplied. The ratepayers in the latter object to incurring any liability for the sake of the former. Everywhere there is a great fear of anything which may raise the rates. Now, the obligation of providing houses for the agricultural laborers really lies on the landowner. Under our system of land tenure, the landowner provides all the buildings required by the farmer. He builds stables for the horses, sheds for the cows, and styes for the pigs in the ordinary course; but when he builds cottages for the laborer, who is really more necessary to the farmer than horses, cows, or pigs, he thinks himself a public benefactor.

The best way to make the Housing Act effective would be to enact that wherever it is necessary for the Rural District Council to build cottages, the landowners of the parish concerned should be liable for any possible deficiency; so that, if any rate on this account ever became necessary, it would be paid by them, and not by the tenants, whatever the terms of their leases. It is probable that, in order to avoid any such liability, the landowners in such parishes would themselves provide the necessary housing accommodation. Any grant from Imperial revenues towards housing accommodation would simply be a gift from the pocket of the general tax-payer to men who seek to enjoy the rights of landed proprietors without discharging the obligations.—Yours, &c.,

AGRICOLA.

July 3rd, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. W. Robertson-Scott, in his letter on page 477, protests against your sweeping statement that "the wages of the great class which tills the fields of England are a scandal to civilisation." He also states: "I am sorry to say that the Liberal Press, by reason of its lack of real acquaintance of rural conditions, is much less use to rural progression than it might be."

In your editorial footnote, you quote Mr. Edwards as stating that the average earnings of the Oxfordshire laborer does not amount to more than 12s. per week.

You ask: "Are such wages a scandal to civilisation or not?"

A reader unacquainted with the details of a laborer's wages and working hours might be inclined to answer your question in the affirmative. The wages in this part of Oxfordshire are as follows: For general day laborers, 12s. per week for eight hours' work per day, which sum, small as it is, a considerable number do not earn if one were to judge them by the amount of work expected of a man in other trades.

In the North of England, the same class of man receives 16s. per week for ten hours' work per day, which sum a larger proportion earn than is the case of the South-country laborers. Therefore, as an Oxfordshire day laborer receives 12s. for eight hours' work, and his rent is usually 1s. per week, he has 11s. left after his rent is paid. A North-country laborer receives 16s. a week for ten hours' work per day, and his rent being 2s. 6d. per week, he has 13s. 6d. left after his rent is paid. He does twelve hours' more work, and receives 2s. 6d. more money than the Oxfordshire laborer per week. But if the Oxfordshire laborer chose to work the same hours—ten hours per day—he would earn 3s. a week more, and he would be the better off of the two. To compare the wages of an agricultural laborer with those of a laborer in the next town—the town laborer's are 18s., his hours six to six, his rent 4s. 6d.; he has left 13s. 6d. per week after his rent is paid, which means that he has 2s. 6d. more than the Oxfordshire farm laborer to spend after his rent is paid, for which he has done twelve hours' more work, and has no garden, no allotment, no country for his children, and no extras.

This deals only on the basis of 12s. a week, and that only for ordinary day laborers, who as a matter of fact on this farm throughout the year average 15s. per week. A cowman gets 14s. to 17s., a waggoner 14s. to 18s., a shepherd 15s. to 20s., all of these latter exclusive of extras.

Why a man who, of his own choice, works eight hours a day should be described as scandalously underpaid when he gets within 2s. 6d. of the wages of a man doing similar work, and working twelve hours longer per week, is difficult to explain, unless the other men are also scandalously underpaid.

You also state in your editorial note that the variation of agricultural wages in districts is one of the most serious features of the situation. If you will go into the hours worked, and the amount of work done, you will find there is exceedingly little variation in the actual wage.

In different districts of England the amount of work done per man, per hour, per day, varies greatly, for there are different breeds of men, some more industrious than others. The apparently higher-paid farm hand in the North will take piece-work at a lower rate per acre than the South-countryman, because he works more quickly.

A low weekly standard wage is essential, otherwise a large number of day laborers would be unemployable. The low weekly wage makes it possible to employ a number of men who from slowness, incompetence, or idleness could not be employed profitably at a higher rate by time. In what trade will a laborer get more for the same work?

Work set by piece is a practical solution, and there the variety in men shows itself. Most Oxfordshire laborers, having taken a job by piece, even in the long summer days, will not work more than eight hours, and many will work only till they think they have earned their ordinary day's pay, when they will leave off for the day, even if it be only 3 o'clock. In the North men start carrying corn at 5 a.m., in Oxfordshire at 7 a.m. As an instance of this, a field of swedes was let to be singled at 6s. 6d. per acre (a high price), four men worked together from 7 till 5, and they earned 2s. 4d. per day. One man, more enterprising than the others, worked the other side of the same field by himself, came at 5 a.m., had two hours off at dinner-time, and worked till 8. He earned 6s. 6d. per day, and his work was better done than that of the other four men.

A laborer in Oxfordshire can earn 18s. per week throughout the year if he is a fair workman and can hedge and ditch, thatch, truss hay, hedge brush, and for this he need not work more than eight hours a day provided he take his work by piece.

If all work that could be done by piece—viz., hay and

corn harvest, ploughing, hay-trussing, hedging, ditching, drilling corn, muck-carting, and artificial manures—were so done, it would be for the benefit of the laborers in increase of wages, for the benefit of the farmer in increased rapidity of work, and would render it "possible to build cottages to return a reasonable percentage, for it would enable the laborer to pay a higher rent."

It appears that Sir H. Maxim's advice to the working man is particularly applicable to the agricultural laborer—"If you want more money, do better work and more of it." Newspapers hold the field to a large extent on agricultural matters, they print what they consider the facts of the case, and they have no one to gainsay them, for the farmer does not write to the papers, and as such statements as are made in the footnote to Mr. Robertson-Scott's letter pass unchallenged, they create a wrong impression.

The farmer would be glad to know how the Government's promise of keeping down the price of what he produces, and at the same time increasing his laborers' wages, is going to work; also if ALL wages are to go up, who will be benefited?

Sympathy for the Oxfordshire laborer is wasted, nor would he at all appreciate it, for he is paid for the amount of work he does at a fair rate compared with work done in other trades, and shows no sign in his physical appearance or his cottage, or in the appearance of his children, of any of the miseries which the newspaper people attribute to him.

On Saturday night I paid twenty-two men and three boys their weekly wage, and can honestly say that an independent observer who looked them over would come to the conclusion that they looked as good a sample of the English laborer as could be seen in any other trade.

I wish to state that what I say is what I know of the state of matters in this parish. I have farmed in Yorkshire, Northants, and Oxfordshire. What can be said of professional agitators who came to this district lately, and, in addressing a meeting of agricultural laborers, advised them to join an Agricultural Laborers' Union and not an approved society?

Though I have so far criticised the laborer, not for the sake of dragging his failings into publicity, but to illustrate my case, I, as a farmer, am ready to acknowledge that my own class have also points on which they can be criticised. Many of us set too little value on time; we try to farm with too little capital; and perhaps are not on all occasions sufficiently in touch with the men; for it is true that, to a great extent, men are what their masters make them.—Yours, &c.,

C. J. GIBSON.

Swalcliffe, Banbury,
July 4th, 1912.

THE PAYMENT OF SERVANTS' PREMIUMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one of your most constant readers, I venture to write and remonstrate with you, concerning some remarks contained in your article on "The Nation and the Insurance Act." I refer to the sentence concerning domestic servants, in which the writer of the article hints that it may be advisable for masters and mistresses to pay the servants' premiums rather than lose the prize of good service. You do not say what would be the wise thing to do in the case of bad or incapable servants. There are such individuals, just as there are heartless employers.

Apart, however, from the question of capable and incapable, surely if the Act is to help people to help themselves, and to prevent them from being dependent on charity, it would be utterly contrary to the spirit of the Act, to say nothing of its being actually contrary to its legal side, for an employer to do any such thing. I do think that an influential paper, such as THE NATION, ought to preach the more sturdy doctrine, that each one pay what is his right to pay.

There is also another aspect of the case which the writer of the article, whom I suspect of being a "mere man," may not have realised. If some mistresses pay and some don't, it means that servants, being only human, will give the preference to those who pay. Those in situations where the mistresses cannot pay, or refuse to do so, will count their mistresses "mean and stingy," &c. That being so, don't

you think it will be very hard on "the heads of modest households," who, after all, form the great majority of householders in this country of ours? You so often deplore in your pages the cleavages between class and class, that it is a little surprising to find you actually suggesting a line of conduct which would tend to make a still deeper division.—Yours, &c.,

M. A. HOWDEN.

Ardoch, Ettrick Road, Edinburgh.
July 2nd, 1912.

[We did not offer counsel; we suggested what the economic result of the insurance of domestic servants was likely to be here, as in Germany.—ED., NATION.]

"THE TREND OF FOREIGN POLICY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The conclusion of your articles on "The Trend of Foreign Policy" is terrible enough, yet it is hard to escape it. If so great a disaster should overtake us as either conscription or war, how completely would all our little democratic gains of recent years be engulfed in the wreck—when

"What had been men and had been a ship
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip."

Yet the Liberal Party goes supinely on, and makes no effort to control the helm. In this matter, Liberals might well learn something from their opponents. Much as we may dislike Tariff "Reform" motives and principles, we must see that, in one respect, the children of Tariff "Reform" were wiser in their generation than the children of Liberalism—viz., that they saw the necessity of driving from power those who opposed them in their own camp. They thus obtained, at a great sacrifice, the unity indispensable to vigorous, effective action.

Had the Liberal Party courageously cut out the rotten branch of Imperialism ten years ago, the troubles and perils of recent years would never have arisen. Even now, if only the National Liberal Federation would speak out strongly, the worst might surely be averted. Is there even now no man equal to the task—no man who will give the trumpet-call, and make the Liberal Party once again master in its own house?—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH E. SOUTMALL.

13, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
July 2nd, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your articles under this heading form about the most statesmanlike review of the subject which I have read for a long time. Having been myself a diligent observer of the course of Anglo-German relations for the last nearly fifty years, you may perhaps give me leave to point out a serious flaw in your summing-up of June 29th.

You there say: "There is not among the ends and purposes of modern Empires the old ambition to assail the liberties and alter the boundaries of European nations." As far as the German Empire is concerned, this statement is so manifestly true that the point needs no laboring; in particular, does any judicious person believe that Germany proposes to "assail the liberties and alter the boundaries of"—France?

But what about "the ends and purposes of modern" France? An unequivocal answer is supplied by the letter of Mr. Edgar C. Gates, published a few pages after your own article. A noted French journalist is there reported to hold that: "German policy, as applied to the captured territory, formed an impassable barrier against any understanding between the two neighboring nations, and until the position of Alsace and Lorraine had been rectified, there could be no *rapprochement*." Stripped of its transparent sophistry, this language means in plain English that France, now as ever before, clings to her "old ambition to . . . alter the boundary" of the German nation, by "capturing" over again the German territory of Alsace and Lorraine. And there you have the present-day pivot of Anglo-German as well as Franco-German relations.

No responsible French statesman has yet dared to

declare that France unreservedly acquiesces in the boundaries of 1871. Germany, consequently, has to shape her entire foreign policy from the point of view that our neighbor continues our implacable enemy, ever lying in wait for an opportunity for *revanche*, which is but the modern form of the old familiar French thirst for *gloire*. The attitude of England, so far from checking, has, ever since the Morocco "deal," contributed to foment this ingrained craving. Our chances of conflict with France have enormously increased in consequence, and the suave appellation of *entente cordiale* is but a blind for the dead certainty that in any such conflict England will, not on any grounds of inherent justice, but on account of the "balance of power," play the part of champion to our inveterate foe.

As long as it is France's pleasure to treat Alsace-Lorraine as an open question, and as long as we are bound to interpret England's policy as countenancing that standpoint, so long has Germany *no choice* but to strain every nerve in order to be adequately armed against Anglo-French forces. Not until you extirpate the only existing "ambition to . . . alter the boundaries of European nations" will the table be cleared for an agreement about the reduction of armaments. It is in England's power to perform the operation. Unfortunately, there are those Englishmen who think it good policy to keep the fester of Alsace-Lorraine going. This is a sorry look-out for the many Germans who love England second only to their own country.—Yours, &c.,

C. WICHMANN.

Eisenach, July 2nd, 1912.

"HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Does it seem too much like a wish to win a point for one's profession if a minister of religion desires to approve your gentle protest? It was refreshing to read it in a "secular" journal. In the sphere of experimental religion, believe me, it is a commonplace that "the vision splendid," instead of duly fading, "grows more brilliant, more splendid, more intense" with the passing years. Heaven no longer "lies about us," because it has passed within; with Charles Wesley, "We find it nearer while we sing." Nor is the experience unpractical. For example—if you can spare the space for a beautiful "human document"—last week this writer officiated at the funeral of a plain, poor woman who had been caretaker at a little chapel on the Thames-side, just now so sorely troubled industrially. She had known her share of sorrow, but scarcely a neighbor had missed her ministry. When the simple funeral procession passed along the road, rugged waterside men and cement workers out on strike doffed their caps, as princes might at the passing of a queen. Her secret was an open one. She had never lost "the vision splendid," nor let Heaven slip from her heart.—Yours, &c.,

J. EDWARD HARLOW.

"Madeley," Gravesend,
June 24th, 1912.

Poetry.

A POET'S BAZAAR.

SEE the pictures, Baby, see
What fine things in the world may be;—
Yellow poplars by the Seine,
Swallows on their way to Spain,
Old stone bridge that always hears
Water swirling past its piers,
Red carnations in a pot,
Lizards where the stones are hot,
Southern garden filled with bees,
The strange sails of Paynim seas,
Spanish lady with a fan,
Noble foreign soldier-man;—
Through the magic window see
What brave things in the world may be.

R. L. G.

Reviews.

THE PROSPECT FOR SMALL HOLDINGS.

"Large and Small Holdings: A Study of English Agricultural Economics." By HERMANN LEVY, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Heidelberg. Translated by RUTH KENYON. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

DR. LEVY is the second distinguished German economist who has taken the history of English agriculture as his subject, his predecessor being Dr. Hasbach. Both of their contributions are of great value, alike to students and politicians. Their immediate themes are not identical, for whereas Dr. Levy discusses what he aptly calls agricultural economics, Dr. Hasbach set himself the task of writing the history of the English agricultural laborer. In various ways the two books supplement each other, and they ought to be read together by those who want to get a clearer grasp of the history of English agriculture, as represented by the great movements of economic power, and by great changes in human life.

Dr. Levy's main thesis is that the question whether large or small holdings get the upper hand depends at any given moment on the conditions of the market, and that the just appreciation of these conditions has often been lacking in politicians and historians; this, of course, only so far as economic forces prevail. In the history of land tenure, there are other forces as well to consider if we are to understand history aright. Now, the first thing to obtain for such an analysis is a correct classification of the advantages and disadvantages of the large and small unit for the different kinds of farming; the next thing to do is to find what are the general conditions that favor one or other of these different kinds of farming. Dr. Levy considers that these distinctions have not been kept in view, and that there has been a tendency to generalise, and from observing that economic forces have favored one kind of farming at a particular moment, to suppose that other kinds of farming had no chance. An example of such fallacious generalisation occurs to us in the concluding passages of Mr. Johnson's book on the disappearance of the small landowner, where the development of large farming is regarded as the inevitable tendency of agriculture throughout Europe. Dr. Levy examines each different department of farming, to discover whether it is better suited to the large or the small unit, and he concludes that in any department where personal care and interest are specially needed, the small farmer has an advantage over the large farmer. His general conclusion is that "the large holding is absolutely superior to the small in regard to corn growing and mixed husbandry and in the breeding of pedigree stock; that in potato-growing it has the advantage; while in stock-feeding it is on an equality with the small holding. The reason in each case is that all these branches of agriculture demand in the first place intensive application of capital. That is in the foreground, while the need for labor of a special quality and an individualised nature falls into the background, these employments permitting of reduction to a series of mechanical processes, and the substitution of machinery for hand labor." "Small holdings, on the other hand, excel in fruit and vegetable growing, in poultry-breeding, and in stock-farming generally, with the exceptions noted above. In the fattening of stock, large and small holdings are fairly balanced. . . . The advantage (or rather, in some cases, the capacity to compete) on the part of the small holding in these, the most profitable agricultural operations of the present time, depends on the fact that in these cases the demand for a quantitative and qualitative intensity of labor is greater than for intensive application of capital." Dr. Levy examines the history of English agriculture during the last two centuries in this light.

During the first half of the eighteenth century the English small holder was happy and apparently secure. Corn prices were low. Between 1715 and 1765 the average price was just under 35s. Bread was cheap and wages were rising. The consequence was a rise in the standard of life of the working classes, and, in particular, an increase in the consumption of other agricultural produce. It stands to reason that the wider the margin between income and expenditure

on bread, the greater will be the expenditure on meat, butter, eggs, and poultry. This is what was happening during the first half of the century. Now, a large consumption of dairy produce and vegetables meant a large demand for the food that is best raised by small holders. Thus it came that down to about 1760 the small farmer did well, and it was the large farmer who complained. Then, unhappily, the tide turned. The price of wheat rose to 45s. 7d. in the period 1760-1790; in the next ten years it rose another 10s. From 1805 to 1813 the annual average price was never below 73s., and often over 100s. In 1812 it reached 122s. 8d. There was more than one cause for this change. The harvests during the first half of the century were generally good, and during the last half generally bad; and population was growing, production was decreasing. Then came the French War. Now, even if the political conditions had been satisfactory, this would have been a serious menace to the poor; but the political conditions, instead of being good, were as bad as they could be. The natural tendency of wages to rise, and more or less to adjust themselves to these prices, was arrested by Combination Laws, Settlement Laws, and the old Poor Law. Consequently, wages rose by about 60 per cent. only, while prices rose by 130 per cent. The result, from the point of view of Dr. Levy's inquiry, was that the laborers could not afford the vegetables, poultry, and dairy produce that had been before their regular food. Thus, the new conditions were unfavorable to all those kinds of farming that are best carried on by small holders, and those conditions were prolonged by the Corn Laws till half way through the next century.

This was the state of English agriculture for rather more than a century. But Dr. Levy considers the tendency is now the other way. Free trade, by bringing down the price of bread, has brought vegetables, dairy produce, and the other productions of small farming, within the reach of the poor, and has thus created a great and growing demand for the food which the small holders can best supply. The effect, for various reasons, was not noticeable until the 'seventies; for, until that time, Free Trade, though it prevented the growth in the price of corn, which would have followed the growth in population, did not bring about any considerable fall in prices. But ever since then the market for corn has deteriorated, and the market for all other agricultural products has improved. Hence, so long as England keeps to Free Trade, the economic conditions are favorable to small holders. Dr. Levy thus arrives at a conclusion which is diametrically opposed to the opinion of the Tariff Reformers that it is only under Protection that small farming can revive. Free Trade and Small Holdings are indissolubly associated in this view, because it is only cheap bread that enables the poor to eat vegetables and eggs. So the economic analysis is full of comfort and hope for the modern agrarian movement. But this economic stimulus is not the only or the controlling motive in the policy of landowners, and the reformers who want to extricate the English laborer from the conditions and the traditions of the last century have to face great forces of sentiment and conservatism and love of power. They will derive much encouragement from Dr. Levy's work, and much instruction as to the methods by which small holdings can best be made profitable.

THREE POETS.

"The Bride of Dionysus, and Other Poems." By R. C. TREVELYAN. (Longmans 3s. 6d. net.)

"Poems." By RUPERT BROOKE. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Fires." By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. (Elkin Mathews 1s. net.)

WE are to understand, it appears, that Mr. R. C. Trevelyan's "The Bride of Dionysus" is intended as the verbal part of a music-drama in which Mr. Donald Tovey is his collaborator. But although the poem thereby professes to be only one half of a complete work of art, we can hardly be concerned here with this ultimate intention. The drama, as it stands here printed, must be judged as literature, capable of justifying itself as literature. It may very well be capable of this, and yet also be capable of allowing a musical intention to penetrate the poetic intention. But as the musical intention still remains private, we can only specu-

late, according to personal bias of theory, what the effect is likely to be of adding music to a poem that does not noticeably require further artistic elaboration. One can never be certain that art has no more to say on a given theme; and it may easily turn out that when "The Bride of Dionysus" is given as a whole—as an opera, that is—the music will be found to have effected a further artistic demonstration of this drama's theme without interfering with its verbal demonstration. The event, certainly, should be expected with much interest. Meanwhile, what is clear is that Mr. Trevelyan has written a drama which has no need to justify itself merely as an opportunity for music. As a poetical drama, as an attempt to give new beauty and new significance to an antique legend, it is a very attractive piece of work. Its final destiny as the words of a music-drama has inevitably shown itself in the construction; and the play, with its frequent choruses, its simple, almost conventional, characterisation, its frankly supernatural machinery, and its persistent tendency to concentrate the emotion into a dialogue of terse lyricism, could hardly be performed, except as an opera. But if it be true that opera requires libretti that are poetry, then opera has a fine opportunity here. There is no doubt that the old story of Theseus and Phædra, Bacchus and Ariadne, has been treated in a manner that does a good deal more than extract and clarify the poetry that everyone can perceive is inherent in the legend. Something individual has been added; but something that dissolves perfectly in a classic myth.

Both the matter and the workmanship of the drama are carefully planned to lead up to the third act. In the first two acts, color and drawings of detail are subordinated to the main design; the detail is by no means uninteresting in itself, though there may be moments when the play moves with perceptible deliberation; but the broad process of the action is the thing in these first acts, and it is, on the whole, impressively contrived. In the third act, however, there is a freer play of phantasy and warmer coloring; and it is in this act, which must decidedly be reckoned a beautiful composition, that Mr. Trevelyan's choice of the familiar legend becomes, by memorable and individual treatment, thoroughly justified. In the version here employed, it is not only Ariadne, but Phædra also, who falls in love with Theseus, and flees with him from Knossos; and the first scene of the third act shows Phædra standing in the moonlight alone on the beach of Naxos, and using magic arts (somewhat after the Theocritean style) to draw Theseus from Ariadne. This scene is not only a fine invention; its portrayal of Phædra's passionate unscrupulousness is an admirable suggestion of the grim tragedy that her headstrong love is preparing for Theseus. His powerless obedience to her witchcraft means the death of Hippolytus, as well as the desertion of Ariadne. But this scene of Phædra's triumphant magic has a more immediate purpose than that. Nothing could have been better contrived than this spell of quiet intensity, in which the two characters seem to talk in whispers, as a set-off to the Dionysian raptures that immediately follow. Ariadne's divine consolation becomes a dramatisation of Bacchic mysticism, of which her premonitory dream may serve as a type; while she sleeps in Naxos, she imagines herself once more on board ship in Theseus's arms. But suddenly he rises, "as one in trance," and leaps into the sea:—

"Straightway, in wild anguish
Had I, too, then leapt down; but (oh, terror!)
Vainly my feet toiled, strangled and close entwined
With sudden clasping growth of ivy and vine,
That over mast and sail and cordage trailed,
And climbed, deck-rooted, till, with whispering leaves
And scent of flowers the whole ship was filled.
And from the foliage towards me, lo, there stole
A serpent forth, that in swift-gliding coils
Enwound me, and o'er my heart fixed deep its sting.
 Lo, from that burning wound,
Not death's expected anguish, but a strange,
Exhilarating rapture, a calm bliss
Spread through my spirit, domineering there,
Like new life poured within me by some god."

It is with this "new life," the unalterable significance of the Bacchic religion, the intoxicating fire concealed in its bewildering imagery of vines and serpents, that the rest of the drama is concerned; and the play ends with Ariadne's human being caught into ecstatic union with the divine spirit

of the world, in a strain of poetry that is certainly very far from a cultured playing with an antique myth.

Mr. Trevelyan's poetry must always strongly appeal to those who are interested in the continued development of English metre. Throughout "The Bride of Dionysus" there is a constant effort, never degenerating into anxiety, and often remarkably successful, to combine metrical formality with sensitiveness to appropriate emotion. The blank verse is freely modulated, with many broken lines; the use of the latter stopping just short of that discontinuity which is sometimes the penalty of rhythmic expressiveness. But Mr. Trevelyan does not confine himself to the usual five-foot blank verse. When, for instance, Minos has a solemn speech to say, he is made to use a six-foot iambic line, with very fine effect, the pompous rhythm being well in keeping with his pompous character. And, of course, the lyric passages, choruses, and so on, have quite "free" measures. Yet, for all this, the rhythm goes with a single flowing unity from beginning to end of each act; however much the metre shifts its base and changes its shape, the whole of it is obedient to the presiding requirement of the main rhythmic design. This command of metre is very noticeable in the miscellaneous poems which follow the drama. The lyrics, and the renderings from Greek and Italian folk-song, charming in themselves, frequently take an added charm from their skilful development of unusual metrical patterns. The translations from Lucretius and the "Attys" of Catullus are more experimental, but very interesting. The fragment from Lucretius uses a hexameter in which a quantitative base is rather suggested than strictly employed; the general rhythm, however, being not unlike Mr. Bridges's more rigorous Virgilian hexameters; the "Attys" is a close imitation of the effect of the original galliambic, and is one of the most successful attempts that have yet been made to import this splendid metre into English. But these translations should be highly praised for their determination to preserve form as well as meaning.

There is no mistaking the formal skill in Mr. Rupert Brooke's "Poems." It is the more evident as Mr. Brooke is fond of setting it to work on unpromising tasks, which demand an athletic vigor of activity—on the sensations of sea-sickness, for instance, or on the aspect and odour of two slumbering Germans in a third-class compartment of an Italian night-train. Whether such poems are successful or not is a question whose answer must hang on what one means by poetic success. The skill itself is, unquestionably, extraordinarily efficient; but does it effect a mere insolent display of acrobatics, or a triumphant transformation of the commonplace into the unique? It seems that Mr. Brooke has been profoundly influenced by a poet who, for sheer skill, has hardly an equal in our literature—John Donne; and Donne, as might be expected, has taught him to be not only remarkably skilful, but to be insolently skilful also. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Brooke allows this learning to dominate his verse. Nearly every one of these poems has, more or less, the air of the poetical exercise; but nearly every one has also the air, not of having been conceived as an exercise, but only of turning out so in the execution. When it came to the actual composition of the poem, the skill of words and metre, that should have been the servant, was allowed to become the master; and, as usually happens in such cases, the servant proved an insolent master. But we must not be led astray by a metaphor. What we have called the insolence in Mr. Brooke's poetry, is a quality that we would very gladly find more frequently than we do in contemporary verse. It is the sign of an energetic and original talent somewhat too determined to be sure of itself. That may mean, perhaps, that it is not really sure of itself; but, at any rate, it is ready to attempt new and surprising things. It is not content to do the familiar old things with a difference; it will not let itself follow the line of least resistance. Mr. Brooke's talent, in fact, is pugnacious; and that is what a poetic talent should begin by being. We judge him instinctively with reference to the larger, finer work which this present volume seems, if there is any logic in psychology, to promise with tolerable certainty—the work he will do when the mere skill which is so notable in it shall be content to exchange mastery for service. His passions of love and jealousy will then seem something more than the themes of poetical exercises; we may even be able to believe

in his sea-sickness, and in his disgust with sleeping Germans. Already his "Poems" give some fulfilment of this promise. In two or three, the skill is genuinely subordinate to the creative power which lies behind all skill—the power which can seize on a commonplace moment of existence, and fashion it into something unique and glorified. "Dining-room Tea" is a poem that shows what we may expect of Mr. Brooke. The question here is not at all whether, in the skill which can deal exquisitely with such common matter, there be not something insolent, but very much whether in the imagination urging the skill there be not something magnificent.

It would be difficult to imagine poetry more radically different from Mr. Brooke's than Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Fires." The book carries on in a narrative form the work which his "Daily Bread" began in a dramatic form. It is work that has already won a considerable reputation; and it deserves a still wider reputation. If the power to turn the commonplace into unique significance be taken as a criterion of genuine poetic efficiency, then Mr. Gibson's work, so tested, must certainly stand high among the literature of the day. This, however, is only a special and crucial test of efficiency; there is much that poetry can and ought to do, which such a test lets escape. The obvious thing for criticism to seize on in Mr. Gibson's poetry is, that it seems too narrowly to concentrate itself into ability to stand this special test. The result is a certain constriction of scope. But criticism ought not to make too much of this. Mr. Gibson is doing an extraordinarily difficult thing, a thing, moreover, that poetry to-day profoundly requires; and he is doing it, on the whole, with fine success. In these nine semi-lyrical narratives, the everyday life of peasants, sailors, shopkeepers, mechanics, and the like, is the material in which he shapes forth his vision of life's significance. And it is plain that, in an age which is apt to believe that poetry and reality are antithetical terms, such uncompromising fusion of the two must be work of the highest value. For the significance Mr. Gibson reads into, or rather, quite strictly, creates in, this everyday prosaic life, is not that which propagandism too easily provides, but the significance of simple, inevitable, tragic morality. There are not many writers living who can reach with such quiet effort the secrets of human nature which lie hidden behind habit and conduct and reasoning. The reader will be disappointed if he reads Mr. Gibson's work in the hopes of exciting detail or curious form. What he will find is a remarkable power of creating form as a whole, which perhaps too scrupulously avoids the distraction of detail; and a power of enclosing in that form a wonderfully humane poetry. With such things present, we need not be too anxious about what is absent.

THE STEINHEIL AFFAIR.

"My Memoirs." By MARGUERITE STEINHEIL. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

MADAME STEINHEIL tells us she was born "some forty years ago." Her father, Edouard Japy, a wealthy and cultivated man of the middle classes, was living on his estate at Beaucourt, "not far from the Swiss and German frontiers." He had retired or withdrawn from the firm of Japy Bros., whose vast factories and mills give a living to thousands of workmen, and devoted himself to music, gardening, and the cares of a wide property. Mme. Japy was the daughter of an innkeeper of Montbéliard. Husband and wife were a very handsome pair, and the exceptional beauty of their daughter Marguerite (with other talents sedulously cultivated by her father) proved a snare to her in the days when she was, as she says, "a queen of society" in Paris.

Her parents were overwhelmed with suitors for her hand, and at seventeen she would have married a young lieutenant named Sheffer. But "I was too young, he was too poor," said M. Japy. Two years later, at the age of nineteen, Mlle. Marguerite lost her father. Towards the close of 1889 she met at her sister's "a shortish man of at least forty—thin, with small eyes, a dark moustache, and a pointed beard, wearing a frock coat far too long for him." This was M. Steinheil, artist, and nephew of Meissonier. In the summer of 1890, after an engagement of four months, Mlle. Japy became Mme. Steinheil. They went to Paris,

where M. Steinheil had a great house in the Impasse Ronsin.

A daughter was born to them; but the marriage, though not exactly wretched, was in no sense happy. M. Steinheil had gifts as a painter, but scarcely any ambition. A mild, indifferent, quiet man, he "compared life to a disagreeable pill which everyone must swallow." But to the beautiful young woman he had married, life in Paris came filled with blandishments. At one moment determined on divorce, she was persuaded to a compromise and to one of those pacts under which households are conformed merely to the strict external proprieties. Thenceforward, an amicably disunited pair agreed to be united by the roof they lived under. Madame, who could sing as well as she could talk, started a *salon*, wherein we have glimpses of De Lesseps, Gounod, Bartholdi, Bonnat, Massenet, Coppée, Zola, Loti (engineering, music, sculpture, painting, literature, and what not), and his Majesty Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, whose French was a touch too grammatically precise for the fastidious ear of his hostess. Into this amusing circle comes, by-and-bye, the President of the Republic, the showy Félix Faure. With his entry the tragedy begins. The tragedy is a succession of mysteries, not one of which is solved. Here lie at once the irritation and the charm of Mme. Steinheil's story. She has themes for a Gaboriau, and even for a Balzac; and the mingled genius of both is needed to resolve them. Her story has everything but its ending. It is both fair and important to add that she admits herself completely baffled by her own problems.

The first of these concerns a pearl necklace, valued at £20,000. This princely jewel, enclosed in "a large gold box," Mme. Steinheil accepted (very reluctantly, she declares) from President Faure. Two days later he sent for her:—

"Something dreadful has happened. It is about that necklace. I bought it from a friend, a man of the highest rank. I wished to help him out of a difficulty, and now I hear that, against my will, I am mixed up in a scandal which, if it were disclosed, would utterly ruin me. I should have instantly to resign, and even to leave the country. It is a most complicated and unheard-of affair. . . . I have not the right to discuss this terrible affair. No one must even know of it. . . . I entreat you to keep the necklace in your house. No one can ever suspect that you possess it."

To the end of the book we are left completely in the dark as to the origin and nature of this affair. Mme. Steinheil thinks the necklace had something to do with the double murder in the Impasse Ronsin, but can explain nothing. It was in the summer of 1898 that she received the pearls; in February, 1899, Faure died, not having divulged their secret. His death was sudden, and there were suspicions. Rumor, says Mme. Steinheil, frankly,

"mostly pointed to me as the murderess of Félix Faure, although in very cautious and veiled terms, and without ever giving my name."

An incredible story was circulated that

"I had been appointed by some secret committee of Dreyfusards, on account of the President's sympathy for me, to 'suppress' the man [Faure] who was supposed to be the great stumbling-block in the way of the 'Revision.'"

Mme. Steinheil had been helping the President to compile his memoirs (many of the documents for this work were at her house), and on the day of his death she had called at the Elysée, when he promised her to renounce a certain drug he had been taking. He was unwell when she left him, and was, perhaps, the victim of an overdose. Let it be added that, among the messages of sympathy received by Mme. Steinheil, "there also came a charming letter from Mlle. Lucie Faure."

With the mystery of the pearls is linked the mystery of the "enigmatical German," who, the day after Faure's funeral, presented himself at the house in the Impasse Ronsin, and demanded both documents and necklace. Many of the pearls, which he professed to be anxious to buy, were handed over to him, "and the veiled libels in the newspapers ceased as by enchantment." What man was this? Mme. Steinheil is unable to tell us. He hovers occasionally on or around the scene, one of the obscurest creatures in the whole Cimmerian drama. That the pearls, and possibly also the Faure papers (though these, we fancy, may be dismissed as relatively unimportant), were "not for nothing" in the crime of the Impasse Ronsin, seems a definite conviction on Mme. Steinheil's part.

This twofold assassination, one of the very strangest and darkest acts of its kind on record, is unaccounted for and unaccountable. When a student of the case addresses himself to the question of intelligible motive, he is soon driven to admit that no other deed of homicide has remained more impenetrably masked. During the night of May 30th-31st, 1908, at No 6, Impasse Ronsin, Mme. Steinheil's husband and her mother, Mme. Japy, were strangled to death. The other occupants of the house on this night were Mme. Steinheil herself, a man-servant (Remy Couillard), and an old cook, Marguerite Wolff. Early on the morning of the 31st (Sunday), Couillard found Mme. Steinheil lying bound upon her bed. To the examining magistrate, at a later date, the lady said that her room had been entered by a party of three men and a red-haired woman, who had tied and gagged her. Her description of the fantastic costumes worn by these persons was a cause of much derisive comment; but it was subsequently proved that similar clothes had been stolen from a Paris theatre within a few hours of the crime.

In this imperfect and perplexing story the mystery of the *Affaire Steinheil* is summarised. Beyond this baffling stage, during the many months of the inquiry, it never really advanced. Investigation by police yielded nothing, and the quest was on the point of being dropped, when Mme. Steinheil, well or ill-advised, insisted on its renewal by the press. This fresh inquisition led up, through harrowing periods, to her own arrest. Her experiences as a prisoner condemn anew the worst that has been said about criminal procedure in France. She underwent her preliminary examination at the hands of a magistrate who sat down to his task with a belief that she was guilty. The press, day by day, was fed with tit-bits from the magistrate's notes; and long before her trial came on France at large had been almost definitely instructed to condemn her as the murderess of her husband and mother. At the trial, her counsel, the brilliant Aubin, had little difficulty in showing that the prosecution possessed not a shred of proof against his client; but his efforts wrested for her only a narrow majority of the jurors' votes. There were five for condemnation and seven for acquittal.

This sordid history remains above comprehension—an undecipherable secret. No reason of any kind offers itself in explanation of the murders. Madame Steinheil had nothing to gain by ridding herself of a husband who had long left her free from marital control, influence, or suggestion. She could not, as a widow, have ordered her concerns more absolutely than she had done as a wife. The problem of the gang of four, in that burlesque attire, is in no way easier to grapple with. If burglary were the business, would it not have sufficed to stifle and gag the elderly and flaccid husband and the elderly and rheumatic mother?

There is nothing to look to but a confession from nobody knows who, or some careless revelation of the future.

A LIBERAL MODERN HISTORY.

"A History of the Modern World." By OSCAR BROWNING. (Cassell. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

MR. OSCAR BROWNING'S excellent and characteristic work has two marked features. Its necessary discursiveness is relieved by a running commentary, which, as might be expected, suggests the lecture-room of a very able and experienced history tutor, who is also a man of the world; and its outlook is that of the historical Whig Party. We might be listening to the "nephew of Fox and friend of Grey" at Holland House. This is high and, in our generation, exceptional praise. The Whig outlook has been disparaged by those who are strangers to its great traditions, and, from want of the historical sense, see their world out of perspective. "Just so," says Macaulay, "have we heard a baby, mounted on the shoulders of its father, cry out, 'How much taller I am than papa!'" The characteristic note of the Whigs was a now rarely found love of liberty. This led them, as a party, to oppose despotism, and champion oppressed nationalities in every quarter of the globe. They were not democrats—the era of democracy had not dawned. But their principles—Lord John Russell is an example—prepared them to receive it; and the Liberalism which is

built on a Whig foundation has a strength and a solidity peculiarly its own. It may be argued, without paradox, that Whiggery was saner and more truly progressive than much modern Liberalism; and that the persistence of the Whig position among us explains the forward movement and direction of English politics. "The motion of the public mind in our country resembles that of the sea when the tide is rising. Each successive wave rushes forward, breaks, and rolls back; but the great flood is steadily coming in."

Mr. Browning regards the policy of our anti-Napoleonic wars as open to question; and his estimate of that great man is conceived in the spirit of the Whigs of the older school:—

"Dominated by the spirit of order, with a passionate hatred of seeing things badly done when they might be done well, gifted with untiring energy of mind and body, he created an Empire which was a model of administration, and which, like the Empire of Rome, has left a signal mark on all the nations which were subject to it. His departure from the scene produced the following effects: It removed a picturesque personality, which has not yet ceased—and probably never will cease—to impress the imagination of men; it left a condition of exhaustion, due partly to the over-activity which the stimulus of the great monarch had called into existence, and partly to the obstinacy with which his efforts had been combated; and it was followed by a desire to undo everything that he had done, and to follow a line of action the exact contrary to that which he had pursued. Therefore, the early years of the century which we have undertaken to describe are drab and dull, flaccid and impotent, obscurantist and reactionary. . . . The misgovernment which succeeded him is a testimony of the excellence of his rule."

This is the impression left by Stendhal's two great novels, "*Le Rouge et le Noir*," and "*La Chartreuse de Parme*." The Napoleonic wars were wars of national independence. But how far, it may be asked, was Caesarism forced upon Napoleon by the position with which he had to deal? "In Great Britain's struggle against him, she took as her allies the worst characters in the Peninsula, associated herself with monks and robbers, and regarded as enemies the most intelligent and most enlightened members of the community. Wellington, with his never-failing insight, recognised that he was fighting for a lost cause." Had the policy of Fox prevailed, England might have stood with France for liberty, the reaction of the Restoration been avoided, and the fortunes of Europe been other and happier than they are.

Clerical as was the shape which the reaction took, the leading reactionaries were not religious fanatics. "The theocracy of our time," said Royer Collard, "is not so much religious as political"; the leaven of eighteenth-century Voltairianism was strong in Metternich and in Louis XVIII. The latter was less royalist than his Chamber; like our Charles II., his great object in life was not to go on his travels again. His successor was more pious and less prudent. Sacrilege (1825) was made a capital offence; the medieval penalty for parricides was inflicted on political offenders; in 1830 the King urged, with regard to the famous (and fatal) *ordonnances*, that "the Virgin had appeared to M. de Polignac, and encouraged him to persevere." It was the age of the secret societies; repression led to conspiracy, tyranny to assassination. In this policy the Papacy attained a bad pre-eminence: "No part of Europe, except Turkey," said Niebuhr, "is governed like the States of the Church." Under Leo XII. vaccination was abolished, street-lamps were removed as a "French innovation," the Jews were declared incapable of owning real property, and confined to the Ghetto after dark. In 1824 Cardinal Rivarola conducted his Bloody Assize in the Romagna: "Monasteries were turned into prisons, and the sight of victims hanging for days on the gallows edified the Ravennese."

The attitude of England was moderate. She had been the soul of the coalition against Napoleon; but her traditions were constitutional, and her Protestantism—stronger then than now—disinclined her to make common cause with the supporters of the Papacy. Even in 1815 the common-sense of Wellington had acted as a check upon the tendency of the Allies to carry things with a high hand. Canning broke with the Holy Alliance, asserting against it the principle of non-intervention; and returned to the earlier and progressive policy of Pitt. The Reform Bill of 1832 brought about neither the revolution feared nor the millennium hoped for; what it did was to introduce the power of adaptation into the somewhat rusty constitutional machine. It was a

condition of certain, then urgently called for, changes, and of such changes as necessity should call for in the future. And it was Reform or Revolution. With it the constitution would, without it it would not, work.

Enough has been said to give an idea of the character and varied contents of a book which does not contain a dull page. Mr. Browning's judgments on public men are vigorous and, in the main, just.

"It may be doubted whether Prince Albert really had the qualities of a great Minister. He was learned, laborious, and conscientious; but his political training had been narrow and pedantic, and he possessed neither the outlook nor the intuitive grasp necessary for the successful conduct of affairs."

Palmerston was a very great Foreign Minister, and it is probable that the verdict of history will be more favorable to him than was the judgment of his contemporaries. He kept steadily before his eyes the honor and greatness of his country, and was generally favorable to the progress of Liberalism in Europe, in which respect he found himself frequently in conflict with the Prince Consort and the Queen."

"Some think that Disraeli possessed powerful convictions on the position which ought to be held by the British Monarchy; others that he was an opportunist, and that, coming into office unexpectedly and without a cry, he clutched at the first idea which presented itself, and took up the line of opposing Russia and exalting the predominant power of Great Britain in all parts of the world. The latter opinion, which is held by persons who knew him well, seems the more probable."

"Mr. Gladstone . . . was a truly great statesman, one of the greatest known to modern history, greater than Bismarck, whose death closely followed his own. His departure marked the close of one epoch and the beginning of another. He entered Parliament immediately after the Reform Bill of 1832, and his career may be described as the bringing of the principles embodied in that measure to a successful conclusion in all departments."

One or two slips, *quas ineuria fudit*, may be mentioned. For "the Jews were not allowed to hold property" (I., 123) should be read "real property"; and Dr. Wiseman, before the establishment of the Anglo-Roman hierarchy (1851), had been Bishop of Melipotamus, not Archbishop of Mesopotamia.

MORE ABOUT ARCADY.

"Studies in Arcady." (Second Series.) By R. L. GALES. (Herbert & Daniel. 5s. net.)

THE observant and literary country parson has a world to write about that is little within the ken and still less within the understanding of the normal reader. Mr. Gales sums up, quaintly enough from the villager's point of view, the advantage of having a parson in the village. His book is a striking testimony to the advantage that the lover of good reading occasionally derives from the same institution. According to Mr. Gales, country theological instinct is unable readily to distinguish between the dogmas of Church and Chapel; when asked to remove sectarian influence from the schools, it mildly asks, "Where should the parson be if not in the school?" and on all grounds (including, we expect, the economic) they are persuaded that "a steady-going clergyman is a very nice thing to have in a place."

And what is the vicar's view of his people? It is a startling one. "It is probable," writes Mr. Gales, "that among the rural masses Paganism was never displaced by Christianity, though in a greater or less degree it was everywhere permeated by it, but held its own up to the epoch of the railway. The tendency that then set in was towards an altogether mechanical view of the world." We wonder how near the railway must come to a village in order to overthrow its Paganism? Mr. Gales's Arcady has been mechanicalised by quite a concentrated application, for the guard throws the "Daily News" into the vicar's garden every day as the train goes by. He reads it; and, in spite of the rumbling by of other trains during the day, persists in preaching sermons that the people can understand, and feels his heart leap "at the thought of the sunrise as a type of Easter morning."

Few pens at once more sympathetic and observant have chronicled the doings and feelings of Arcady. With one hand on an elegant library (we use the adjective after Ruskin in its dictionary sense) and the other on the pulse of his people, the author gets his gems into a scholarly setting that thoroughly fits them, for scholarship as well as Arcady, are threatened by the railways. Mr. Gales's journeys to Brittany furnish another touchstone, and, above all, the

steeping of his mind in Italian poetry and folk-lore has been an admirable preparation for insight into the feeling of an English country-side. Arcady is more cosmopolitan than town, which has no pet name.

Somewhere in the Eastern counties is the focal point where Mr. Gales's touchstone visualises Arcady. The well-wearing monument of dialect records the influence of Briton, Celt, and Scandinavian, and a vicar with his ears open is constantly being thrilled with some new message from an apparently cosmopolitan past. Country English "smacks of the joy of living which comes from life in the open air." We must look for more than mere alliterative luxury in the saying "right as rain." "Merry as the day is long" could never have been coined in town, and "You little misery!" as an epithet for a crying child is confidently claimed to be Arcadian. To people of such genius for direct speech comes the town-bred clergyman to preach of "privileges, responsibilities, problems, and tendencies." They pass muster, not as terms of thought, but as "blessed words." There are many passages in this book that would be of immense benefit to some hitherto pompous country parson with a not hopelessly dormant sense of humor.

On the subject of dialect words everyone can say something, and the marginal notes to be written on all the copies of this book would no doubt amplify the author's discoveries out of all proportion. The word "gaum," for plastering with jam or other stickiness, which he finds most rare, is perfectly familiar to the reviewer, who also remembers the joy with which he presented a classical master at school with "tallot" for the loft over the stable, in which straw and other provender is kept. As for "lear," it is as common in many other counties as in Sussex. It was not, by the way, a Wiltshire blackbird, but a Gloucestershire "yuckle" whose "bill was zhearp, his stomach lear." The line occurs in the old story of "The Bittle, the Harnet, and the Yuckle." Or it may be "hickle," as we have always heard the green woodpecker called. Either of them is a better hint at the laugh of the woodpecker than the "yaffle" which is more usually seen in print. We must cut short our annotations, natural as they are to anyone who reads these dialect chapters, which are by no means the least interesting part of Mr. Gales's very useful and most charming book.

THE PROSE OF RICHARD MIDDLETON.

"The Ghost-Ship, and Other Stories." By RICHARD MIDDLETON. With an Introduction by ARTHUR MACHEN. (Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

THE twenty short stories that compose this posthumous volume define the range of the author's literary talent and sympathies. Possibly, had he lived, we should have come to possess and treasure a short novel, exquisite in personal feeling, and another sheaf or so of imaginative tales, no less felicitous. But Richard Middleton was a poet who had the clear, good sense to work within boundaries very restricted in scope, whatever may have been his ambitions to conquer larger territories in the literary kingdom. The term "dreamer" is often coupled, half-contemptuously, with that of "poet" to indicate a class of mind that lives at a remove from reality, not sharing in the ordinary struggles of life, and tending always to escape into a fictitious world of perpetual make-believe. The epithet may have just power to sting on the plane of practical affairs; but in the realm of art its force may be complimentary. In "The Poet's Allegory," Middleton definitely draws a line between himself and the realists who have "messages" and "missions" to improve mankind, by exposing the ugliness of life and the manifold evils of human nature:—

"But of what use are you, then, if it be not to rouse in us the discontent that is alone divine. Would you have me go fat and happy, listening to your babble of kingfishers and cuckoos, while my brothers and sisters in the world are starving?" said the baker.

"If you have no news to give me, why should I pay for your songs? I want to hear about my neighbors, about their lives, and their wives, and their sins. There's the fat baker up the street—they say he cheats the poor with light bread. Make me a song of that and I'll give you some breakfast. Or there's the magistrate at the top of the hill who made the girl drown herself last week. That's a poetic subject," said the tailor.

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The poet, however, will only sing his "wonderful songs of the grass that is so green, and of the sky that is so blue," and the magistrate, before whom he is brought as a rogue and vagabond, merely frowns and says, "I knew that before." The allegory, as is the way of allegories, is rather one-sided; but it serves its purpose of declaring that the "poet's and dreamer's" vision conquers realms no less "real" in their beauty and joy than is the world of prosaic fact. Mr. Arthur Machen, who contributes an introduction to the volume, emphasises the element of "mystery" in Middleton's tales, asserting "man is so made that all his true delight arises from the contemplation of mystery, and, save by his own frantic and invincible folly, mystery is never taken from him; it rises within his soul—a well of joy unending."

It is well that this truth should be stressed in an age which has crippled the imagination by an excess of scientific fact and utilitarian practice; but we do not find that Middleton was more of a mystic than nine out of ten poets. His quality seems to rest in his admirable instinct for clothing a poetic idea in the dress of fantasy, or of a dream-mood, and admitting just so much of the light of every day as will sustain the vision. His finest story, "The Ghost-Ship," perfect in its clear coloring, firm outline, and in the fine detailed richness of its workmanship, has nothing of that hazy or nebulous atmosphere in which your mystical mind commonly delights. The fantastic idea on which the story is built is so original, and the author's craftsmanship so cunningly seconds his imagination, that it is likely "The Ghost-Ship" will preserve Middleton's name to posterity when his other work is forgotten. Yet the idea itself, like all good ideas, has the merit of supreme simplicity. Since ghosts, we are told, revisit the glimpses of the moon, why should not these have a special, favored haunt, where they can always enjoy a ghostly semblance of their old earthly activities? The pretty, old-fashioned little village of Fairfield, "lying near the Portsmouth Road, about half-way between London and the sea," according to the rustic, John Simmons, who tells the tale, "is a place where we let ghosts come and go, and don't make any fuss; and, in consequence, Fairfield is the ghostiest place in England." The rustics have grown so accustomed to queer things that it does not seem queer to them that "three packs of ghost-hounds should hunt regularly through the season, and blacksmith's great-grandfather be busy all night shoeing the dead gentlemen's horses." Not that the villagers mixed much with the ghosts at any time, since "it isn't our way to meddle in things that don't concern us"; but still, where nearly every house could boast of its ancestral spirit visitants, it is natural that their descendants in the flesh should take a kindly interest in the habits and ways and behavior of their great-great-grandfathers, great-uncles, and all the rest of their ghostly kinsfolk. With the audacity that is akin to genius, Middleton takes in a stride the gulf that separates the material from the spiritual world, and settles that since we creatures of corporeal reality have spiritual perceptions, the converse holds true, and the spirits themselves have corporeal perceptions, not to speak of earthly belongings?

So, indeed, argues the landlord of "The Fox and Grapes," at Fairfield, when, after the great storm in the spring of '97, the year of the second Jubilee, he finds that a ghost-ship has been blown up from Portsmouth in the tempest, and landed in his turnip-field. There is no doubt that the ship is a ghost-ship, for it is "such a ship as no man had seen on the water for three hundred years, let alone in the middle of a turnip-field—all painted black and covered with carvings, with a great bay window in the stern, and a crowd of little black cannon on deck and looking out of her port-holes." But, on the other hand, when Simmons and the landlord go up to her and touch her side, they find it "as hard as a real ship." "I should say it's a betwixt and between," says the landlord, puzzling over it; and he adds, "Now, there's folks in England would call that very curious. All the horses in Fairfield won't move her out of my turnips." It is, indeed, the ship of no less a ghost than Captain Bartholomew Roberts, who now appears on deck, "dressed in a black uniform, set out with rusty gold lace," and owns that he has put in for recruits, but appears to have "brought her rather far up the harbor." The landlord is a bit upset at the coolness of the

captain's attitude. "I don't want to be unneighborly," he says, "but I wish you hadn't brought your ship into my field. You see, my wife sets great store on these turnips." But Captain Bartholomew Roberts is a spirit well accustomed to the ways of women, and he pacifies the landlord's wife by sending her the gift of a great gold brooch. So the ghost-ship stays on amid the turnips, and, since it is Jubilee time and there are great doings at Fairfield, "nobody had much time to bother about it." "Landlord, he saw his tenant once or twice when he was hoeing his turnips, and passed the time of day, and landlord's wife wore her new brooch to church every Sunday." But as time goes on the people begin to notice the change for the worse that has come over their village ghosts. Most respectable young fellows come home late at night the worse for liquor, singing outrageous songs, and stumble upstairs, to the consternation of the occupiers. A ghost-wagon is seen jolting down to the ship occasionally with a lading of rum. Things grow so bad that the parson intervenes, and interviews Captain Bartholomew Roberts, who promises to put to sea the following night. He does so, and here comes the imaginative gem in this delightful web of humorous fancy. The ghost-ship carries off with her, not only a great company of village ghosts, but a half-witted lad "who didn't know the difference between a man and a ghost, poor innocent!" Years pass, and, one day, who should be seen on the Portsmouth road but this same daft lad, "with a great, rusty cutlass hanging to a string at his waist, and his face tattooed all over in fine colors." But little can be got out of him, save a tale of an island called "The Basket of Flowers," where the sailors were teaching their parrots to swear when a Spanish ship was seen outside the harbor, and straightway the pirate's ship was manned and sailed out to fight. But the village ghost-lasses are still left to bewail their lovers, who have sailed away on the ghost-ship, and never return.

The freshness and originality of this charming tale lie not in any atmosphere of mystery, but in reducing the supernatural to terms of homely feeling. The author has contrived with much artistic subtlety to substantiate his fantastic vision through the mouth of an honest simpleton, and once the first shock of the unexpected is past every fresh touch confirms and strengthens the humorous illusion. Middleton is fond of the theme of the quick and the dead coming together on the plane of earthly interests, and in "The passing of Edward" and "On the Brighton Road" he excites most skillfully our apprehension of the "beyond world." In "Shepherd's Boy" he has created a little idyll exquisite in its poignant restraint. The narrator, a wandering tourist, tells us how he encountered a downland shepherd, a vacant-looking man, who accosts him, saying, "You've come up from the valley; perhaps you've seen my boy?" In the next hill village the tourist learns how this same shepherd one misty night had taken a glass too much, and had driven his sheep towards a dangerous chalk-pit, and how his son in trying to stop them had been carried over the edge in their rush and had broken his neck. "Shepherd's a bit spotty now, and most times he thinks the boy's still with him, and there are clever folk who'll tell you that they've seen the boy helping shepherd's dog with the sheep," is the laconic ending. "Children of the Moon" and "Fate and the Artist" reveal a fine blend of tenderness and irony, and "The Bird in the Garden," a tragedy seen through the eyes of a little child, has a primitive emotional force that recalls Stephen Crane. In nearly all the stories the style is curiously perfect in its quiet naturalness, though it is not a style characterised by any special creative originality. It would have been interesting to see what artistic effects Middleton would have produced with a larger canvas; but, alas! his death makes any suppositions idle.

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Australia," by the Hon. James Alexander Hogue, in which the hypothetical menace to that Continent from Germany, Japan, and its own labor troubles, is investigated; an authoritative reply to the Colonial editor of "Le Temps" concerning "The 'Truth' about the Franco-German Crisis," by Mr. E. D. Morel; and a reply by Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., to the Marquess of Lincolnshire's article on "Rival Land Politics" in the June issue, in the "Nineteenth Century and After"; Dr. E. J. Dillon's "An Anglo-Turkish Entente," Mr. Swift MacNeill's "Church Disestablishment in Ireland and in Wales," and "The Economics of the Insurance Act," by Mr. G. W. Gough, in the "English Review." The literary or historical articles are not, on the whole, of conspicuous interest. In the "Fortnightly," Mr. Edmund Gosse writes on "Rousseau in England in the Nineteenth Century," tracing the decline in popularity which the philosopher's works suffered during the first three decades in part to the hostility of Burke, in part to the Puritan reaction following the licentious coarseness of the Georgian Age; while "The Coming of Bonaparte," by Lord Rosebery, which was originally written as a preface to the "Nelson" edition of M. Vandal's "L'Avènement de Bonaparte," when it appeared in a French translation, is given first place in the same review. The "Nineteenth Century" contains a reply, by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, to the "Edinburgh Review's" article on Mr. R. H. Hutton's book on Cardinal Newman; Miss Ethel Clifford, Mr. John Masefield, and Mr. W. W. Gibson contribute poems to the "English Review," where also Mr. Cecil Sharp's "The Folk-Song Fallacy" (a reply to Mr. Ernest Newman), Mr. John Galsworthy's "Meditation on Finality," Mr. Henry Savage's appreciation of the lately dead poet, Richard Middleton, Mr. Walter Sickert's "Mural Decoration," and an admirable South American study, "A Page of Pliny," by Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham, are among the best things in the number.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, June 28.	Price Friday morning, July 5.
Consols	76½	76½
Midland Deferred	68	68½
Canadian Pacific	272½	273½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	58½	60½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	101	101
Union Pacific	175	173½

SINCE the turn of the year the market has been very busy paying off the Bank, and loans will all have been repaid next Monday. But it is evident from the Bank return that there will not be much margin over, and consequently it is not surprising that discounts have shown a firm and hardening tendency. The Stock Markets have been quiet, though a good investment business is reported in some directions. The main feature just now is the excess of new issues which it has been impossible to place. Underwriters are still heavily burdened, and a period of rest is badly needed.

BALTIMORE AND WALL STREET.

The great event of the week has, of course, been the unanimous nomination—after an exciting contest at the Baltimore Convention—of Governor Woodrow Wilson. The fact that all sections of the Democratic Party are prepared to work for him, and the further fact that he is in himself a very strong candidate, make it highly probable that he will be elected. The question for investors in American securities will now be: What effect would the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson have upon the stock markets? It must be premised that Governor Wilson has proved at Princeton, as President of a University, and at Trenton, as Governor of New Jersey, that he has honesty and capacity in administration, besides political skill and oratory. Wall Street and Wall Street interests must not expect to get round him, as they got round Roosevelt and Taft. There is every reason to expect that he will propose and carry a sweeping reduction of the Tariff, and that this will be undertaken without delay in his first year of office. What effect would such a policy have upon the securities in which British capital is invested? We can safely answer as regards railway and shipping shares

that a reduction of the tariff should be very beneficial. Anything that makes for freedom of trade increases trade, and anything that increases trade increases traffic. A reduction of the tariff means an increase of imports, and these increased imports will have to be distributed by the railways all over the United States. But a reduction of the tariff means more. It means a reduction in the cost of living. The people of the United States will be able to buy more goods in consequence, and this increase of consuming power is bound to give a stimulus to trade. With the exception of the Steel Trust and the Harvester Trust, London is not much interested in the great industrial trusts and corporations of the United States. It is clear that those which have been specially pampered and protected will suffer at first; but those which have not had much aid from the tariff should benefit by a general reduction in duties. It will have been noticed that there was no slump in Wall Street when Dr. Woodrow Wilson's success was announced, and this proves that the investing public is not alarmed at the prospect of seeing him President of the United States.

CONSOLS AND HOME RAILWAYS.

Consols are being kept steady by Sinking Fund purchases, but the tendency of gilt-edged stocks is still downwards. Irish Land Stock, which is, of course, guaranteed by the Government, actually yields 3½ at the price of 74. The Home Railway market has been more cheerful in the last few days; for in spite of the London dock strike the country is very prosperous. The half-year traffics were issued yesterday, and help us to gauge the effects of the coal strike. Nearly all the lines show reductions on the six months, and some of these reductions are formidable. The North Eastern leads with a decline of £415,000. Then comes the London and North Western with £321,000, and the Midland with £296,000. It will probably be found that these figures (as usual) are exaggerated, and it is certain that large savings will have been effected in working expenses. Nevertheless, the lines chiefly concerned with the coal fields must have suffered, and some dividends are likely to be reduced.

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